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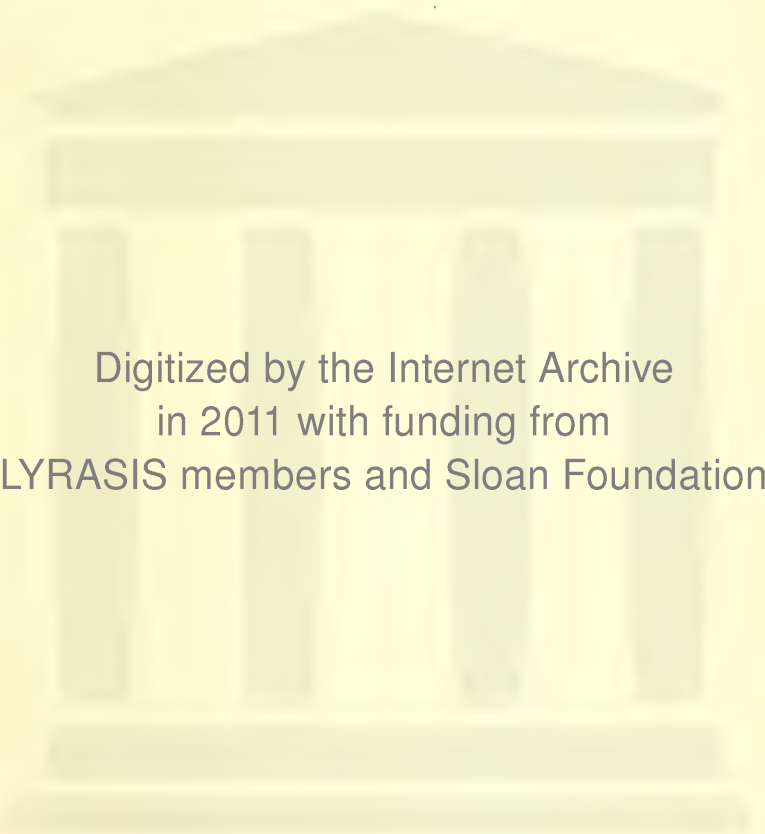
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H^ALLS C^AMPUS W^ALLS

Volume 3
1911



Published by the
Senior Class of Lenoir College
Hickory, North Carolina

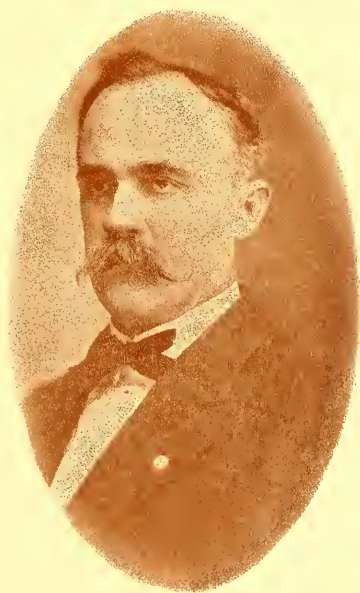
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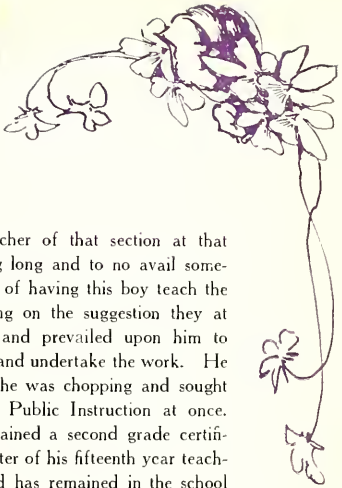
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Dedication

This volume of Hacawa
is dedicated to
President R. L. Fritz
as a small token of
our appreciation
of his kindness to the Class
during the past
four years







Dedication History

A gloomy pall possessed the hearts of the dear ones of Lucretia Bowers Fritz in the wintry Spring of '69. Her health was poor and a maternal hour was drawing near. On the second of February she went down into the valley of the shadow of death and gave to the world a son, lingered in the vale seven days, and then passed calmly and peacefully out through death's dark door into the pearly gates of Eternal Love.

Thinking the child dead at birth, skilled physicians and loving hands bent all their energy to save the mother. After her needs were attended, the child received their services, when, to the surprise of all, a bubble arose from the basin in which the child was placed. He lived, and some days later was carried on a pillow to the home of an uncle eight miles away. So frail and delicate was he that the journey was made on foot. Several times he was thought to be dying on the trip.

One can scarcely believe that the lusty and vigorous President of Lenoir College was once this tiny and delicate child. But it is true. Robert Lindsay Fritz, son of William and Lucretia Fritz, was born on the second of February, 1869, near Holly Grove, Davidson county, North Carolina. Seven days later he lost his mother and a mother's love, and was reared in the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers, near Lake, North Carolina.

At the age of five he was put in school, but at the close of the session he knew no more in his books than he did when he first started, failing to learn the alphabet, even. But in the second winter circumstances changed. A new school-house had been erected and a new teacher employed. In these new surroundings he quickly showed his mental strength. On the first day he mastered his letters and took leading rank in all his work. At the age of fourteen, with little more than three months schooling each year, he had mastered the common school course and was taking algebra in advance. This fact made it difficult for the district committeemen to secure a teacher for the term of his fifteenth year, due to the fact that his advanced studies ter-

rified the average teacher of that section at that time. After searching long and to no avail someone suggested the idea of having this boy teach the school himself. Acting on the suggestion they at once looked him up and prevailed upon him to stand the examination and undertake the work. He left the woods where he was chopping and sought the Superintendent of Public Instruction at once. He stood the test, obtained a second grade certificate, and spent the winter of his fifteenth year teaching his first school and has remained in the school teacher's chair almost every year since.

About this time Rev. W. P. Cline became pastor of the Holly Grove Parish. He saw the possibilities of a good school in that section, and realized the good it would accomplish. In the Fall of 1894 he opened Holly Grove Academy and successfully operated it for a number of years, doing a service for that community which will never be fully tabulated or accurately known. Into this school came Robert Fritz at the close of his school term in the spring of 1885. He remained a pupil and tutor until he left the Academy to enter Roanoke College in the spring of 1888, entering the Sophomore class one-half advanced. In the fall of 1889 he yielded to the wishes of friends and entered the newly organized college at Conover. Here he remained regularly and finished the course in 1891—the year in which the rupture came and the College was moved from Conover to Hickory. This rupture broke up the commencement for that year and President Fritz did not get his diploma until the commencement in 1892.

On the removal of the college from Conover, he cast his lot with the Hickory school, helped clear the thicket where Lenoir College now stands, and did regular work as a teacher in the session of 1891-'92. In the fall of 1892 he entered John Hopkins University and specialized in Mathematics, Physics, and Astronomy. He returned to Lenoir College in the fall of 1893 and taught regularly for three years. In the summer of 1896 he received and accepted a call to the newly organized Elizabeth College, Charlotte, North Caro-

lina, where he taught most successfully for five years, being given the guarantee by the Board of Trustees that his Professorship was a permanent position. But in the year of 1901 he received a call from the Board of Trustees to return to Lenoir College and accept the Presidency of the College. After due consideration he accepted the call, though at a financial sacrifice to himself, and entered upon his duties as President in the summer of 1901. He is, therefore, rounding out his tenth year as President of Lenoir College with the closing of this school year. During this administration he has had the assistance of an aggressive Board of Trustees and a loyal Faculty, and there are many evidences of successful management during his term of service. Within these years the new dormitories for both girls and boys have been erected, as well as the new St. Andrew's church; and there has been added much equipment for the College plant. Also within this period the College has become the absolute property of the Tennessee Synod, managed and controlled by her Board of Trustees. The courses of study have been raised in all departments and the College has attained State recognition as an institution of first rank. Much of this broadened horizon for Lenoir's usefulness is due to President Fritz's wise management, and we heartily concur in the action of the Board of Trustees in declining to accept his resignation on the expiration of his ten year's service.

Had the poet been writing of President Fritz concretely, he could not have expressed a truth more accurately than when he declared,

"There's a destiny which shapes our end,
Rough-hew it how we may."

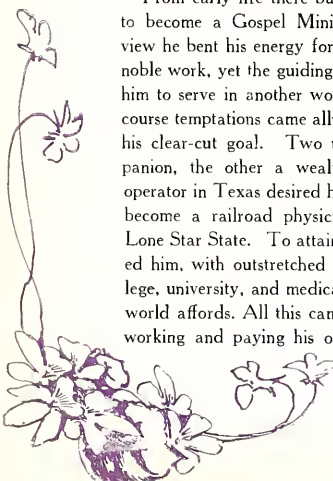
From early life there burned within him a desire to become a Gospel Minister. With this aim in view he bent his energy for full preparation for this noble work, yet the guiding of "destiny" has caused him to serve in another work. Early in his college course temptations came alluring to swerve him from his clear-cut goal. Two uncles, one a boon companion, the other a wealthy railroad owner and operator in Texas desired him to study medicine and become a railroad physician and surgeon in the Lone Star State. To attain their purpose they offered him, with outstretched hands, all funds for college, university, and medical instruction, the best the world affords. All this came at a time when he was working and paying his own way through school,

teaching during vacation and tutoring during the term. But this alluring offer did not in the least swerve him from his life-object. He struggled on, unaided, and turned to good account the knowledge acquired in the school-teaching art, earning enough to keep his expenses paid and laying by a sum sufficient for his university expenses when his college work was done. His teaching ability did not pass unnoticed by his instructors, and when he completed his college course he was induced to accept a professor's chair in Lenoir, in spite of the fact that he had the ministry in mind as his goal. Thus it happened that "destiny" wrought more successfully than relatives or his own desires.

He is what might be termed a "born teacher." His mind is both mathematic and analytic. As a child it was his keenest delight to make and operate flutter-wheel machinery on the stream which ran near his home. The greatest disappointment, possibly, his boyish heart ever experienced came when a generous friend gave him a set of discarded water-wheels, one of which he had not the strength to carry home after lugging it more than a mile.

While his desire to serve in the ministry has not been fully realized, yet his life-work will, in all probability, affect more lives through the professor's chair than had his early desires been achieved. From childhood he has made and held legions of friends. No boy ever grew up in the Holly Grove community who left it a richer legacy of boyish pranks and wholesome fun. Gifted with a keen eye for seeing the ludicrous as well as the serious side of life, he came into his full share of all innocent fun, fortunate in being reared in a section where grotesque characters thrived. But back of this happy-hearted boy stood a loving grandmother Mary Conrad Bowers, who guided wisely the going and coming of his youthful days. In the midst of a crooked generation and a perverse world, she saved him, pure in body and soul, for his life-work.

In heart he has ever remained young, fully realizing and understanding the joys and sorrows of youthful life; sympathizing with them in their troubles, sharing to the full their joys. In years still young, although he has spent twenty-six in the teacher's chair, he is well prepared to see all things through student's eyes. Ever ready to give a helping hand to those in need of aid, he lives the philosophy of the Scriptural proverb, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." Following this



policy he has increased his friendships and broadened his mental capacity. In the distribution of Faculty work, what others would decline he would take up, until to-day he is actually capable of teaching every class in every department in Lenoir's curriculum, save in Instrumental Music and Art, having actually done service in all these branches at some time or other. We rejoice that the Board of Trustees have wisely planned that more of his time will be given to the executive work of the College from this time forth. In this action we expect to see "Greater Lenoir" pass from dream-land into the life of the real.

This sketch would be unfair and unworthy the cause it desires to serve did it fail to record the fact

which has made so much of his services possible his marriage, on April 30th, 1896, to Miss Ora Huitt, of Claremont, North Carolina. She has proved a real helpmeet in all his arduous duties and much of the success of Lenoir's usefulness was made possible through her home helping.

He was ordained to the Gospel ministry in St. Paul's church, in South Carolina, 1894, by the Tennessee Synod. He had received a call to become pastor of St. Andrew's congregation on the College campus, and served in this capacity for one year. As a minister, he is an interesting preacher, and has spent many of his Sundays expounding the Gospel story.

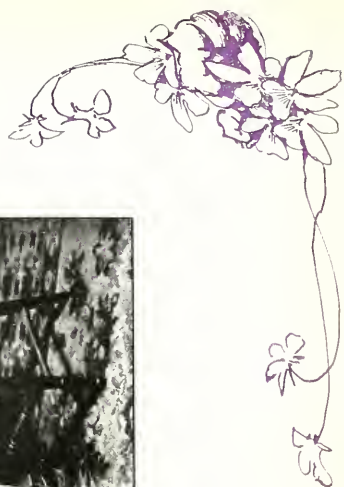
C. LUTHER MILLER.



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Mary Mauney }





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Foreword

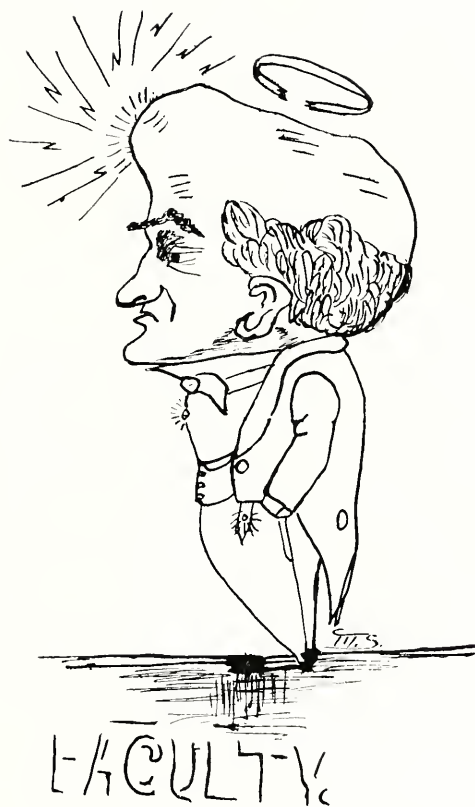
Through many difficulties and vexations we have succeeded in completing volume number III of Hacawa. We have tried to make the Annual the true index of student life, and a true representative of all phases and movements at the College. We have endeavored to give our students and friends a book which they will prize very highly. You have but to turn its pictured pages to be filled with fond recollections of class-mates and companions, thrilling adventures on the athletic field, individual contests waged in the arena of the college world—in fact, to live over once more the happiest days of your life, which you wish to keep ever fresh in your memory. It has been our aim to mirror to some extent the comic side of college life, which is local in nature, and savors strongly of co-education.

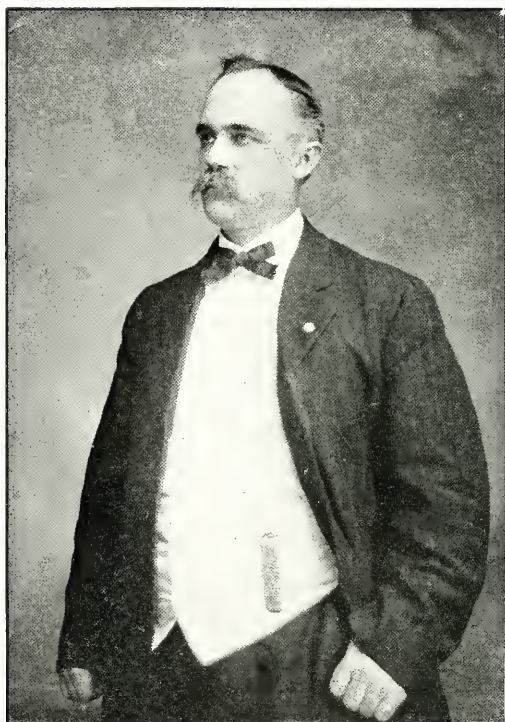
We take this occasion to express our gratitude to those who have in any way assisted us in making possible this issue.

We hereby submit the 1911 Hacawa to our readers.

EDITORS.







ROBERT LINDSAY FRITZ, A.M.
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Professor of Psychology, Ethics, and Mathematics



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Professor of History and Modern Languages



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Professor of Latin



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Professor of Chemistry, Physics, and Geology.



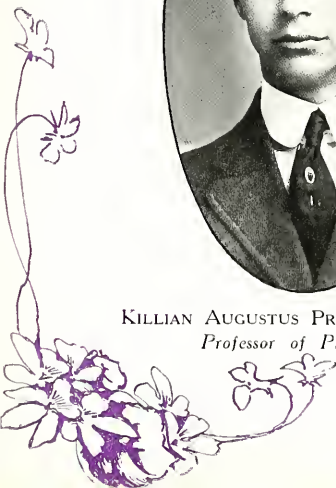
MARTIN LUTHER STIREWALT, A.M.
Professor of Greek and Economics.



KILLIAN AUGUSTUS PRICE, A.B., M.D.
Professor of Physiology



SOLOMON GRANT LOHR
Superintendent Highland Hall





LILLIE BELLE HALLMAN
A. Mus.

Professor of Practical and Theoretical Music



ELLA BELLE SHIREY

Lady Principal



BARBARA RUDISILL
A. Mus. Lenoir College '10
Assistant Piano Teacher



FRANCES ROTHERMEL DEWALD.

Art



MRS. C. R. FISHER
Professor of Violin



ELEANOR STECHER
Professor of Voice and Expression



REV. JOHN DAVID MAUNEY, A.M.
Professor of Bible and Religious Studies...
A.B. and A. M. Roanoke College; Graduate Mt.
Airy Lutheran Theo. Sem., Philadelphia, Pa.



MRS. S. G. LOHR
Matron Highland Hall

MAGGIE C. WOODS

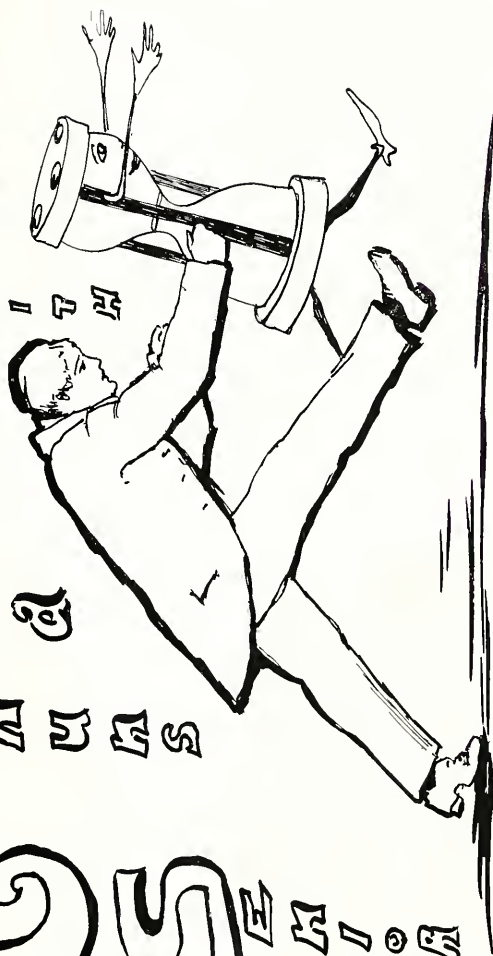
TIME

TRACE WITH

a

TURN

THE NEW



Senior Class

MOTTO:

Non ministrari, sed ministrare.

COLORS:

Violet and Gold.

FLOWER:

The Violet

YELL

Ka-e, Ki-o, Zah, Zum, Zah!
L. C., N. C., Rah, Rah, Rah!
Violet and Gold, Tra-la-la!
1911! Yah, Yah, Yah! !

OFFICERS

F. M. SPEAGLE	<i>President.</i>
IDA BELL NEAS	<i>Vice-President.</i>
MAUD MILLER	<i>Secretary.</i>
EULA MORGAN	<i>Poet.</i>
MARY MAUNEY	<i>Historian.</i>
IDA BELL NEAS	<i>Prophet.</i>

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L. L. HUFFMAN	R. A. SWARINGEN
MAUDE MILLER	EULA MORGAN
MARY MAUNEY	IDA BELL NEAS



FRED MARTIN SPEAGLE, FRED
HENRY, N. C.

Entered Preparatory 1905; member Chrestonian Literary Society, Young Men's Bible Society, Athletic Association; President of Class 1908-09; Manager Foot Ball Team 1910; member Lenoirian Staff 1910-11; Treasurer Bible Society 1910-1; Student Committee 1910-11; President Athletic Association 1911; modest and dignified; noted for his equanimity.



MAUDE FRYE MILLER, MILLER
HICKORY, N. C.

Entered Preparatory 1905; member of Eumenean Literary Society, Athletic Association, Glee Club, Mission Study Class; Class Secretary and Treasurer 1910-11; a good student; very regular in attendance, having missed but one week during her course; intends to continue Literary Work.



ROBERT ALEXANDER SWARINGEN, DEACON
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Entered Sub-Freshman spring 1907; member Chrestonian Literary Society, Athletic Association; debater on Inter-Collegiate debate between Mt. Pleasant and Lenoir 1908; President of Class 1909-10; won Junior orator's medal 1910; Editor-in-Chief Hacawa 1910-11; member Lenoirian Staff 1910-11; Manager Track Team 1910-11; very energetic and sociable; a great joker; expects to enter Seminary, West Minster, Maryland.



EULA ROSABELLE MORGAN, MARY
MAULDIN, S. C.

Entered Freshman 1907; member Eumenean Literary Society, Oakview Missionary Guild, girls' Athletic Association, Glee Club, Mission Study Class, Stecher Quartette; private expression student 1907-09; Art Student 1907-08; voice student 1909-11; Class Poet 1908-09, 1910-11; Class Secretary 1909-10; Manager Athletic Association 1910-11; member Lenoirian Staff 1910-11; Art Editor Hacawa 1910-11; very dignified; self-confident; a good singer; will continue study of voice.



JULIUS TEAGUE HORNEY, J. T.
HIGH POINT, N. C.

Entered Sophomore 1906; member of Euronian Literary Society, Young Men's Bible Society, Athletic Association on both football and baseball teams ever since entering school; won 2nd Sophomore Short Story prize 1906; absent from school 1907-08; won Lenoirian prize 1909; member of Student Committee 1909-10; Vice-President of Bible Society 1909-10; member of Lenoirian Staff 1909-10; won Euronian debater's medal 1910; Editor-in-Chief of Lenoirian 1910-11; Assistant Editor Haca-wa 1910-11; President Student's Committee 1910-11; has been either Captain or Manager of both football and baseball team since entering Lenoir College; a great athlete; industrious scholar; expects to study Law.



IDA BELL NEAS, NEAS
PARROTTSVILLE, TENN.

Entered Preparatory 1904; member Eumenean Literary Society, Oakview Missionary Guild, Girls' Athletic Association, Glee Club; private Expression student 1904-07, 1910; music student 1904-05, 1910; won expression medal 1905; Secretary of Class 1907-08; Class Prophet 1908-09, 1910-11; Leader of Mission Study Class 1910-11; member of Lenoirian Staff 1910-11; President of Oak View Missionary Guild 1911; a diligent student; friendly and lovable; intends to continue study of Expression.



LESTER LEE HUFFMAN, PARSON
STANLEYTON, VA.

Entered Freshman Class 1907; member Chrestonian Literary Society, Young Men's Bible Society, Athletic Association; won Chrestonian improvement medal 1907-08; Vice-President of Class 1908-09; won Chrestonian debater's medal 1910; President Young Men's Bible Society 1910-11; Secretary Athletic Association 1910-11; member Lenoirian Staff 1910-11; Secretary Student's Committee 1910-11; Business Manager Hacawa 1910-11; very considerate; talkative; will enter Lutheran Theological Seminary.



MARY STELLA MAUNEY, MAUNCE
NEWTON, N. C.

Entered Freshman 1907; member of Eumenean Literary Society, Oak View Missionary Guild, girls' Athletic Association, Glee Club; private expression student 1908; Class Secretary and Treasurer 1908-09; won honorable mention to scholarship medal 1909; good on Varsity Basket Ball Team 1909-10; President Missionary Guild 1910; won scholarship medal 1910; President girls' Athletic Association 1910-11; Leader of Mission Study Class 1910-11; Class Historian 1910-11; member Lenoirian Staff 1910-11; Business Manager Hacawa 1910-11; expects to teach.



ART

MURRAH MAIE SIMPSON, SIMP
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Entered Freshman 1908; member Philetan Literary Society, Oakview Missionary Guild, Mission Study Class, Glee Club, Athletic Association; private student in Music, Voice, Expression and Art 1908-11; won Art medal 1910; very fashionable; a good student; will continue to study Expression and Art.



MUSIC

MIRIAM OPHELIA DEATON, DEATON
HICKORY, N. C.

Entered as Music student 1906; member of Philathea Literary Society, Oak View Missionary Guild, Athletic Association, Glee Club, Literary student 1907-10; Art student 1909-11; Vice-President Presto Music Club; member of Orchestra 1909-11; a good student; skilled musician; will continue study of Music.



ART

CARRIE LUCILLE HAUSENFLUCK, CARRIE
PLEASANT VALLEY, VA.

Entered as student of Art 1910; member of Oak View Missionary Guild, Mission Study Class, Glee Club, Athletic Association; Expression student 1910-11; an industrious worker; good natured and kind; will continue work in Art and Expression.



EXPRESSION

MARGARET ELIZABETH HENDRIX, DICK
CONCORD, N. C.

Entered Sophomore Class 1908; member Eumenean Literary Society, Oak View Missionary Guild, Athletic Association; private Expression student 1908-11; President Emerson Dramatic Club 1909-11; won Expression medal 1910; Voice student 1910-11; Art student 1910-11; Music student 1908-11; very modest; a friend to all; will continue study of Expression.

Senior Class Prophecy

THE wind was whistling through the tree tops and the rain pattered against the window pane, casting over me a feeling of loneliness as I sat at my table in vain attempt to portray the future of the class of 1911. Oh, that I might be inspired with the gift of prophecy just for a few minutes! But my pen lay idle, and the blank paper stared at me.

Pushing everything aside, I leaned my head over on the table to collect my scattered thoughts. Suddenly a hand was laid gently on my shoulder and as I looked around a little Magician stepped up to me.

He removed his odd shaped hat politely and told me with a smile that he had been sent by Durno, Prince of Magicians, to grant me one wish, and after that one was fulfilled he would leave the earth, never to return. In breathless haste I told him that if I could only see the future of my dear class mates I would wish nothing more. "Then come along," he said, and soon we were in an airship floating up in the great white clouds. I enjoyed this adventure thoroughly and wondered if I would find those flying around in space with whom I had been so intimately related for several years. My reverie was broken by the magician placing a colored glass before my eyes. Looking through it New York City flashed into view. It was Sunday morning and as I watched the people hurrying to and fro on the crowded street, one man especially attracted my attention. It was Mr. Swaringen W., father of the class. He still had that quick step, pleasant smile and erect figure, but years of toil and trouble had planted her stamp on his brow.

Eagerly I watched him pushing his way through the crowd, until he came to a large brick building

which my guide informed me was the Methodist church. With dignity he entered its decorated walls and took his seat at the pulpit, while the choir pealed forth anthems of sweetest song.

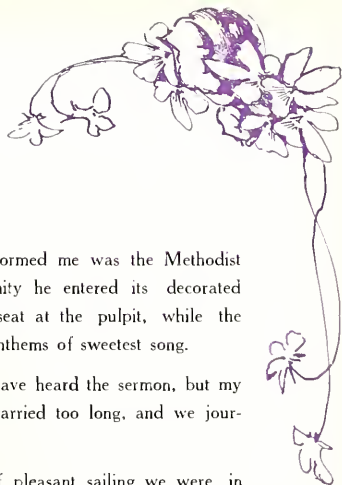
I would like to have heard the sermon, but my guide said we had tarried too long, and we journeyed on.

After an hour of pleasant sailing we were in India. There in one of the little villages was Maud Miller patiently trying to teach a little group of natives. She had spent her early life in flirting and being unsuccessful in finding a lover, had gone to the foreign field as a missionary.

Soon we were in our own country again. A large farm house, several miles from Wilmington attracted my attention. On the porch sat Eula and "Bonnie," perfectly contented. This was nothing more than I expected. But where were those lofty ambitions Eula cherished when as a school girl she used to talk of the fame she would win in Germany as a musician? Oh, Bonnie's love became master, and she gave them up as idle dreams.

The city of Henry next came into view. I noticed a sign board with Lawyer Speagles office written in large red letters on it. Inside sat Fred busily engaged, while Maud, the only girl he ever loved was near him enjoying the morning paper. As I looked at this picture of happiness the airship mounted higher and higher and they disappeared.

In a few minutes I was commanded to look to the earth again. Harvard University in all of its stateliness stood out before me. I wondered who of the little class of 1911 could be filling an office here. I was not long left in doubt, for looking on the interior I saw Mary Manney expounding puzzling problems of higher Mathematics to a large



and attentive group of students. Now that I had seen all of my class mates except two, a vague fear came over me that nature had not dealt so kindly with the remaining ones. But I was certainly reassured when our ship floated near a large church in a Western town, and I heard Mr. Huffman, better known as Parson, deliver a sermon which would have startled the Philosophers of old.

Once more I took the peculiar little glass which the magician guarded so carefully for me, and looking through it I saw an aeroplane several

yards from us. It drew closer, and as I gazed at its occupants whom should greet me but J. T. Horney. His story was an interesting one. With great success he had navigated the air and was now recognized as the world's greatest aeronaut.

Then the magician turned to me and said, "On account of your indifferent disposition the world will not understand you, but never fear, you will attain your goal." Then suddenly he disappeared. The airship fell and my head hit the table. I had only been dreaming of the class of 1911.



Senior History

IN September, 1907, when we entered the grand old walls of Lenoir College, little did a number of us think we should in 1911 be graduates of this renowned institution. On that bright September morning we marched in company with the other students to our first chapel exercises. The sky seemed exceedingly clear; the sun was shining brilliantly in the east; the birds were singing their choice songs; every thing seemed in perfect harmony with the school life of L. C.

We were Freshmen, and we knew it. The Sophomores cast a sneering look upon us at first, but when they learned to know us better, they attended to their own business! The song, "O, Freshmen, you had better lie low, lie low," had a very striking effect upon us. It caused the very blood in our veins to boil. But our first year was spent very happily. We had our class organization like the others. The first year we had sixteen members, which constituted an average class.

In the following September again we entered Lenoir College halls—this time not as "green Freshies," but as "wise fools." Yes, we were Sophomores, and we were no exception to the rule that all Sophs feel their importance. This year we sang to the Freshmen, but we were annoyed by no class. Some of our former members did not return, while several new ones took a part of the deserted places. This year our class numbered only fourteen. The next year we cast aside all light Sophomore thoughts, for we were Juniors. We were now filling up the gap between the "wise fools" and dignified Seniors. This was our banner working year. We were very fortunate in winning medals for the Junior Class, bringing five to the violet and gold. Our number had now decreased to twelve. Thus ended our banner year!

Alas, at length the doleful Senior year was soon staring us in the face. Her tasks were handed out

to us, and we must grasp them. We came in contact with many trials and hardships. Yet we spent the year 1910-11 very pleasantly. The tie joining us as classmates was similar to that binding members of a family.

We are not vain enough to say our class has surpassed all other classes of Lenoir College, but we do claim to be on a level with the former ones.

Our members have always held an enviable place in the college sports. We have been represented continually in athletics. Horney in baseball as player on first base and in foot ball has contributed much to the ludicrous as well as to the victorious phase of the games. He left his mark wherever he played.

Swaringen as manager of the track team was much interested in his work and put forth every effort to make the races successful.

Speagle was manager of the foot ball team and did much to encourage the boys.

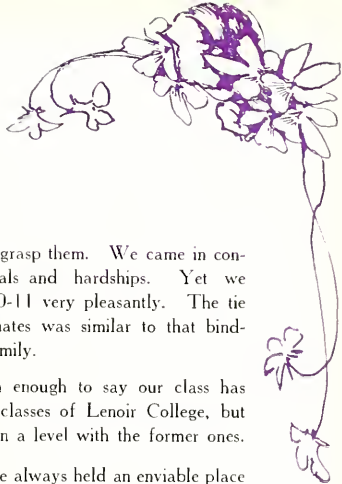
Huffman's athletic interest was directed to tennis. He was seen on the court every day.

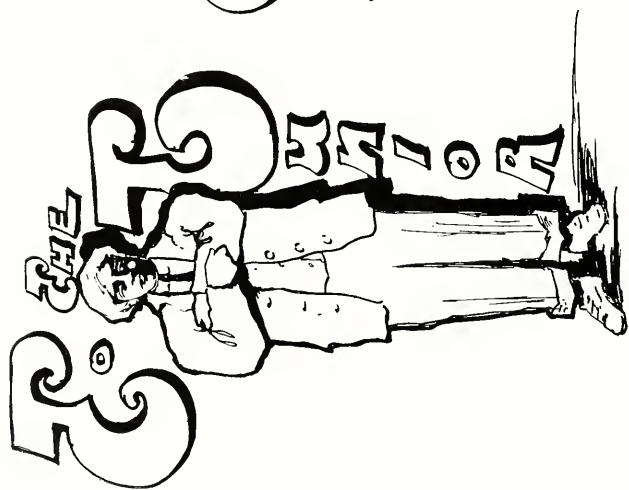
The girls of the Class 1911 have also been very much interested in athletics, taking an active part in tennis and basket ball. We had a representative on the Varsity team. We have been represented in all the special departments—in Music, Art, Expression, and Voice.

One of the things we have almost failed at is sporting. During our entire course, Cupid has had little effect on us.

Though the history of the Class of 1911 is short, we will go out from Lenoir College with worthy ideals and high ambitions.

May the future of each member be crowded with pleasure and success.







Junior Roll

MOTTO:

Praemium Fidelium est certum.

Colors:

RED AND WHITE.

Emblem:

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.

YELLS!

Rip! Zip! Zite!
Red and White
Nineteen twelve,
Jolly and Bright!

Crick! Crak! Craw!
Zik! Zak! Za!
Junior! Junior!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

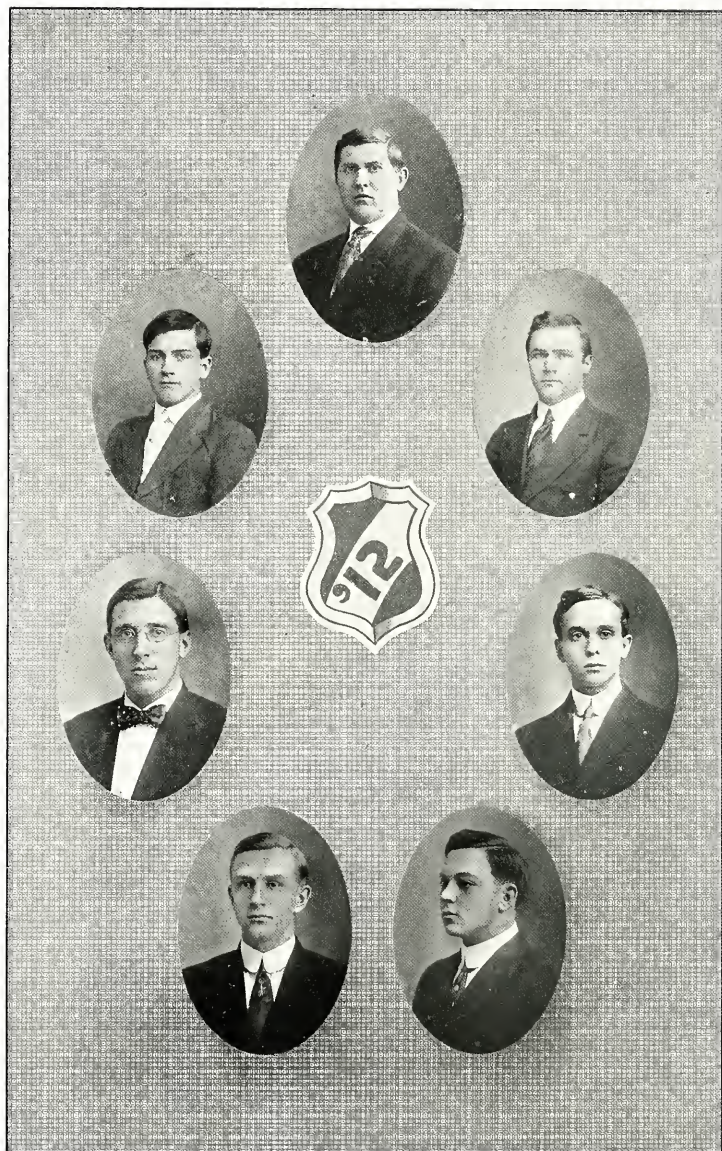
OFFICERS

Lillian Harrill, *President.*
A. M. Huffman, *Vice-President.*
Frances Glass, *Secretary.*
B. D. Efrd, *Treasurer.*

CLASS ROLL

Lillian Harrill
Frances Glass
Ethel Plonk
Mae Rhodes
Mertie Sease
Mary Stroup
Edith Shell
Maie Simpson

Maude Townson
A. M. Huffman
B. D. Efrd
R. L. Coons
F. J. Eller
L. G. Rhyne
E. H. Shuford
R. A. Yoder, Jr.



JUNIOR CLASS





JUNIOR CLASS (Continued)

Junior History

Three short years ago twenty-two Freshmen met and organized the class of Nineteen and Twelve. We were only "freshies" that year and were not considered by the higher classmen except the Soph's who respected us after they saw that we were game enough to protect ourselves.

After a pleasant vacation twelve of our former number returned and also some new members came and enrolled as "Wise Fools." All year the poor little Freshmen had to take a back seat when the Sophomores were around. In the first part of the Spring Term we organized The Greater Sophomore Class, the object being to create more genuine class spirit. Our efforts thus made were repaid by greatly accomplishing our purpose.

We are sorry to note that only half of our Sophomore class returned to take Junior work. However, we are glad that two new members cast their lot with us for the remaining two years. The Seniors, Soph's and Fresh think we are the class—and so we are—but alas! the Faculty does not.

We have shone most brightly this year in athletics. Members of the class having been on the Football, Basketball, and Baseball varsity teams. The varsity Tennis team was constituted by members of our class.

If any of us fail, it will not be the fault of our earnest and persistent professors who tried their best to teach us the principles of Psyc, Trig, and the languages. Though we are few in number we keep the faculty busy.

We sincerely hope that all of our members will return next year and make the last quarter of our College career as pleasant and helpful as the first three quarters.

R. A. YODER, JR., *Historian*.



Our Goal

"O Juniors, for what are ye striving;
Why haste ye so rapidly on?"
There comes to us out of the silence
This cry, which sounds forth, and is gone.

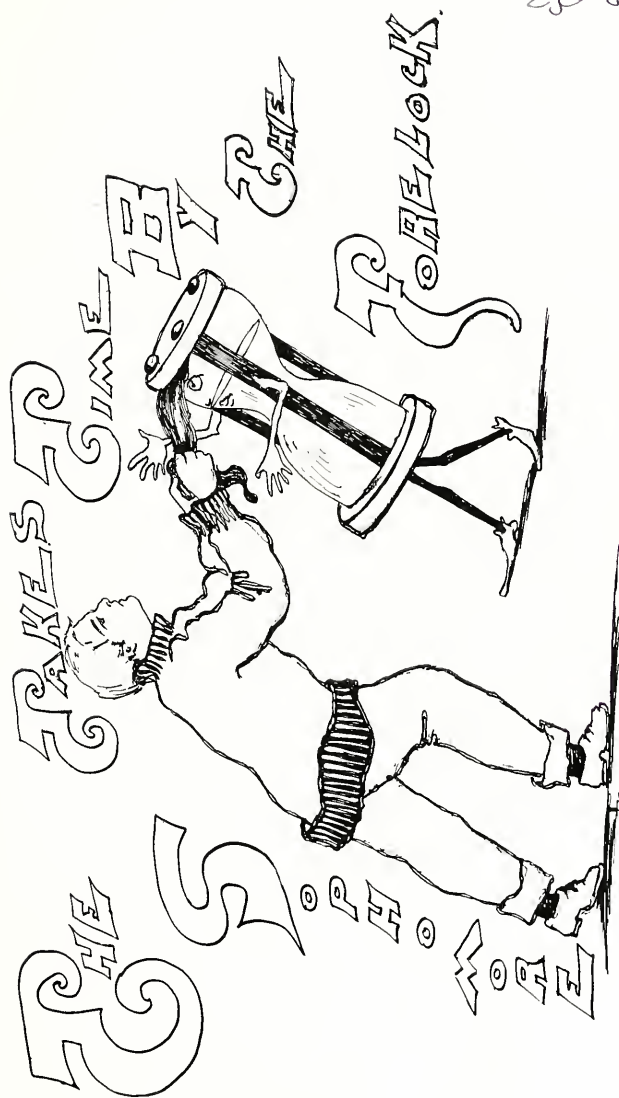
Yet out of God's silence ne'er issues
A breath going forth all in vain.
So the cry, dying out in the distance,
Leaves in each of our hearts its refrain.

O Spirit, bear back as your answer:
"The goal of our race is not fame.
The guerdon for which we are striving
Is not loud applause in life's game;

But to feel when our long race is over
That unto the world we have given
Lives, that by hope, love, and gladness,
Have raised it a step nearer heaven."

F. G.





Sophomore Class

Colors:
GOLD AND BLACK

Emblem:
MARECHAL NEIL ROSE

YELL

Hobble, gobble, razzle, dazzle,
Sis! boom! bah!
One nine one three
Rah! rah! rah!

OFFICERS

Edgar Z. Pence, *President*.
Louise Eargle, *Vice-President*.
Annie Barber, *Secretary*.
Naomi Cline, *Poet*.
Richard H. Shuford, *Historian*.

CLASS ROLL

J. Allison Abernethy	Beverly T. Sustare
Calvin M. Adams	Annie Barber
Boone L. Crowell	Lottie E. Cline
Michael M. Kipps	Naomi Cline
Richard F. Little	Nora Coulter
R. Campbell Lake	Gertrude F. Deal
John L. Morgan	Louise M. Eargle
John Mouser	Blana Fulmer
Edgar Z. Pence	Corrie B. Lowman
Howard S. Rhyne	Mamie L. Miller
Richard H. Shuford	Lillian Miller
G. G. L. Sawyer	Jettie Plonk
Floy Wessinger	



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore History

WE of the Sophomore Class entered this school in September, 1909, fully determined to set a new record of achievements. Through the perplexities of the first year we stumbled without a murmur. Many were our trials, but over each of them we won and won gloriously. Though we seemed insignificant, were the brunt of all jokes, and were called "fresh" by the higher classes, we overcame these obstacles and steadily advanced along the road of knowledge.

Already another year has passed and we have ascended to the second rung of the college ladder. Now we are looked down on and called "Wise Fools" by the Juniors, and looked up to and respected by the Freshmen. We are working very earnestly to shed forth the most elevating influence possible, and to make the Class of 1913 renowned. Much talent and ability, which has been hitherto undeveloped, is unfolding, class love and feeling is being fostered and made stronger every day. While life has a more serious meaning, and momentous affairs weigh down upon us, the days are full of pleasure and we are striving to live up to our motto "Not many things but much," and in all things to be worthy of our gold and black.

RICHARD SHUFORD.





Sophomore Class Poem

Soph'mores, Soph'mores, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Twenty-three Soph'mores, Ha! Ha! Ha!
Some may tell you proud we be,
Dignified and stuck up. Whee!
That sounds big, but can't be true,
All are just as gay as you.

Greenie Fresh year we have passed.
Wise old Sophs. we are at last.
Juniors soon we all will be.
O, what Juniors you will see!
Always in our work and play,
Pleasant, happy, bright, and gay.

Sophomore classmates, all, so dear,
Let me whisper in your ear
Time is flying, oh, so fast!
Soon the time will come at last.
This gay year of work and play
Will soon have passed away..

NAOMI CLINE, *Poet.*





Freshman Class

CLASS MOTTO:
Labor omnia vincit

CLASS FLOWER
Carnation

YELL

A buvo and a bivo
And a buvo bivo bum
Bum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap
Bum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Freshman—

CLASS OFFICERS

C. E. Fritz, *President*.
Estelle Morgan, *Vice-President*.
Lillian Plonk, *Secretary*.
J. Loy Sox, *Treasurer*.
J. J. Stuck, *Historian*.
Flossie Gilbert, *Poet*.

CLASS ROLL

A. E. Bolick	Paul Rhyne
E. S. Crout	M. A. Ritchie
H. P. Cloninger	J. D. Rudisill
Howard Dry	C. E. Stirewalt
C. E. Fritz	J. L. Sox
Flossie Gilbert	Fdna Stuck
Bertha Harris	J. J. Stuck
Edna Hammond	Maude Tickle
L. P. Hahn	Ethel Tussing
Grover Huffman	Harry Wessinger
Mollie Holshouser	Marie Whitener
Pearle Lackey	H. A. Whitener
Lawrence Lohr	Arthur Williams
Estelle Morgan	Miller Williams
Lillian Plonk	Rosa Wertz



FRESHMAN CLASS

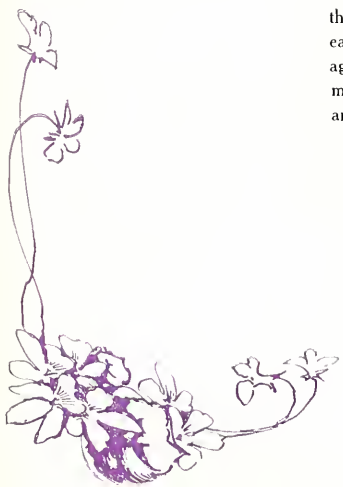


Freshman Class History

AT THE opening of school on September the sixth, nineteen-ten, a chosen few who had been Sub-Freshmen last year besides a number of new students marched up the old war path feeling blue and no doubt looking greener than the blades of grass in July tossed by the summer breeze. About September 20, 1910, a class meeting was called and the following officers were elected: C. E. Fritz, President; L. L. Lohr, Vice-President; Lillian Plonk, Secretary and Treasurer; J. J. Stuck, Historian, and Flossie Gilbert, Poet. Soon afterwards we met and decided to hold monthly meetings at which we always rendered programs which were appropriate and which have proved a great help in promoting class spirit.

The other classes—chiefly the Sophomore—derided us at first with the words, "Oh you, Little Freshmen you had better lie low," but none of them has ever had the nerve and backbone enough to make us lie thus, and this thought lies dominant in their ears, for they know our nerve too well.

As far as athletics go the Freshmen have played their part, making good in the foot ball, baseball, and track teams. We feel proud of our class, for we know that it is one of the largest in the history of the college. We only hope that each may survive the summer vacation and return again, again, and again to Lenoir, so that our class may go "kiting" through in 1914, more admired and loved by all than any class heretofore.





Freshman Poem

Our band is young and hopeful,
And we fully intend to do and be
All that is expected of us, but not to be boastful,
We will,—Oh, you just wait and see!

Towards great ambitions we are working,
And although we may fail,
Yet never our duty will we think of shirking,
And every opportunity with gladness we will hail.

For we intend always to be brave,
And stand up firm in the right,
And though our experiences may often be grave,
We know that with these we can fight.

While through college up we struggle,
To win some laurels fair,
We'll always stand united,
And each others disappointments share.

We love our teachers very much indeed,
(You know that is a good sign of success);
Though on other subjects we sometimes disagree,
We all agree on this one, nevertheless.

So when our college days are over,
And our paths shall be divided,
Our memories still shall fondly treasure,
The thoughts of those by whom we were guided.

When we see the work of higher classes
Do you think we care,
That we can't go around exploding like gases,
And wish their lot with them to share?

We're all of a very ambitious nature;
So what's the use of making a "fuss,"
Don't we know that in the near future,
This same road will be open for us?

Their work which you say is so sublime,
We admit some of it is true,
But just give us a few years of time,
And see what we can do.

Three more years will soon pass,
An if we continue to extend the range of our
knowledge,
We'll be the best Senior Class,
That ever went out from Lenoir College.



F

THE

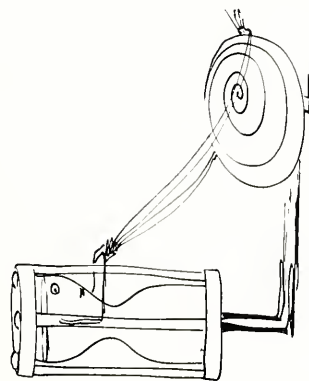
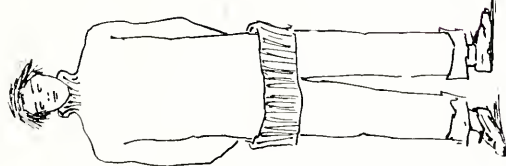
PREPS.

Time

is Like

A

Snail.



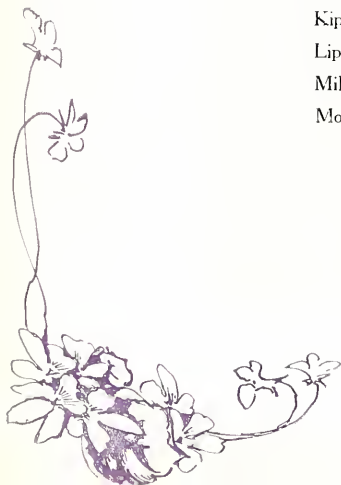
Sub-Freshman Class

OFFICERS

B. T. HALE, *President*.
INA S. GLASS, *Vice-President*.
ELSIE MILLER, *Secretary*.

ROLL

Cline, William Russell	Parker, Charles
Cauble, Walter S.	Parker, Ode
Cobb, Ora	Powlas, Annie Pauline
Deal, Archie S.	Rhyne, Clarence L.
Derrick, Mildred May	Raymer, Peter M.
Duke, Lila	Rhodes, Bertha
Green, Paul	Stroup, Bertha
Hagood, Leila Amelia	Stroup, Grady L.
Hallman, Joseph D.	Shimpock, Lewis L.
Harward, Grover Ernest	Troutman, Harrison N.
Hoke, Grace Maie	Wincoff, Ernest J.
Koonce, Richard S.	Yoder, Clara Belle
Kipps, Casper A.	Yoder, Lucy Emma
Lippard, Carl O.	Yount, Carroll N.
Miller, Carroll O.	Yount, Noah D.
Moretz, Pearl	Younts, Birdie





SUB-FRESHMAN



Members of the Prep Class

1—Chestie Lohr	13—F. L. Conrad
2—Celeste Lippard	14—V. E. Stuck
3—Bertie Huitt	15—J. W. Foust
4—Augusta Smith	16—J. R. Poole
5—Elizabeth Smith	17—R. M. Cook
6—Nora McRee	18—H. L. Faggart
7—Goldie Hoke	19—S. W. Glass
8—Ola Lineberger	20—S. C. Mauney
9—F. S. Goodman	21—G. O. Miller
10—J. E. Shealy	22—F. E. Yoder
11—H. E. Bonds	23—J. W. Mosteller
12—G. E. Rockett	24—W. D. Myers





PREPARATORY



The Crescendo Music Club

MOTTO:

Through difficulties we reach the stars.

COLORS—*Lavender and Gold.*

FLOWER—*Lilac.*

OFFICERS

Barbara Rudisill	<i>President.</i>
Miriam Deaton	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Ethel Plonk	<i>Secretary.</i>

ROLL.

Naomi Cline	Floy Wessinger
Miriam Deaton	Stella Wessinger
Maie Rhodes	Lillian Plonk
Bertha Rhodes	Marie Whitener
Edna Stuck	Mollie Holshauser
Arthur Huffman	Annie Barber
Mary Huffman	Mertie Sease
Grover Huffman	Lillie Sease
Louise Eargle	Annie Powlas
Corrie Lowman	Fannie Wilfong
Iaa Bell Neas	Ina Glass
Estelle Morgan	Rena Huitt
Katharine Fritz	Jennie Bell Stamey
Metta Deal	Ethel Tussing
Ethel Plonk	J. E. Shealy
Maud Townson	Ora Cobb
Bertha Harris	Nell Rudisill
Edith Shell	Barbara Rudisill
Maie Simpson	Margaret Hendrix
Pearl Moretz	Mildred Derrick
Grace Hoke	Lelia Hagood

Ethyle Pringle





CRESCENDO MUSIC CLUB



Art Class

MOTTO:

Do what you do carefully.

COLORS

Turquoise, Blue, and Yellow.

Essie Moretz	President.
Mary Huffman	Vice-President.
Bertie Huitt	Secretary.
Flossie Gilbert	Treasurer.

ROLL

Mattie Abernethy	Mae Simpson
Mrs. F. P. Abernethy	Elsie Miller
Mrs. M. L. Carpenter	Lillian Miller
Miriam Deaton	Essie Moretz
Flossie Gilbert	Lillie Sease
Mary Huffman	Floy Wessinger
Bertie Huitt	Carrie Housenfloek
Dick Hendrix	Nellie Rudisill
Mae Rhodes	Miss DeWald

Elma Bradshaw





ART CLASS

Expression Class

MOTTO

Esse quam videri.

COLORS

Light Blue and Gold.

FLOWER

White Daisy.

OFFICERS

Margaret Hendrix	<i>President.</i>
Fannie Glass	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Maie Rhodes	<i>Secretary-Treasurer.</i>

ROLL

Fannie Glass	Carrie Hausenfluck
Margaret Hendrix	Nellie Rudisill
Edna Hammond	Maie Rhodes
Rena Huitt	Ethyle Pringle
Ruth Cloninger	Maie Simpson
	Maud Townsend





EXPRESSION CLASS

Business Class

OFFICERS

R. L. McLean *President.*
W. S. Cauble *Vice-President.*
Edna Huffman *Secretary and Treasurer*

MOTTO:

Work makes life sweet.

COLORS

Olive Green and Old Gold.

CLASS ROLL

Lois Peterson	Ora Sigmon
R. M. Cook	Lela Colson
G. C. Goodman	Edna Huffman
Lawrence Cline	Birdie Younce
J. E. Yount	C. W. Moore
C. M. Adams	W. W. Burgess
J. H. Rankin	W. S. Cauble
J. R. Poole	J. C. Garrison
F. E. Yoder	F. G. Johnston
Maude Bradford	J. W. Shuford
Troupe Stamey	C. W. Teal
Ora Cobb	R. L. McLean
Lessie Wagoner	W. R. Boyd
Jettie Williams	A. G. Hawn





BUSINESS CLASS

Oak View Orchestra

OFFICERS

Miss Hallman *President.*
Mrs. C. R. Fisher *Director.*
H. S. Rhyne *Secretary and Treasurer.*

ROLL

Mrs. C. R. Fisher	Miss Lela Colson
Miss L. B. Hallman	Howard Rhyne
Miss Miriam Deaton	Arthur Huffman
Miss Ethel Plonk	David Rudisill
Miss Eva Moody	Everett Fritz
Miss Barbara Rudisill	John Henderson

Luke Hahn





ORCHESTRA



STUDENT'S COMMISSION

J. T. HORNEY, *President.*

E. Z. PENCE

E. S. CROUT (T. P. RHYNE)

O. B. ROBINSON (L. L. HUFFMAN) *Secretary*

S. G. LOHR

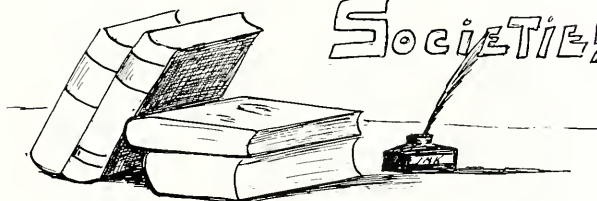
F. M. SPEAGLE

L. G. RHYNE



LITERARY

SOCIETIES



Chrestonian Literary Society

OFFICERS

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J. A. Abernethy	Vice-President.
J. L. Morgan	Recording Secretary.
H. S. Rhyne	Corresponding Secretary
L. L. Huffman	Treasurer.
E. Z. Pence	Chaplain.
R. C. Lake	Censor.
F. M. Speagle	Janitor.

ROLL OF MEMBERS

F. M. Speagle	L. L. Lohr
L. L. Huffman	E. S. Crout
E. Z. Pence	J. D. Rudisill
R. L. Coonse	G. E. Rocket
L. G. Rhyne	H. S. Rhyne
R. A. Swaringen	T. P. Rhyne
M. M. Kipps	J. E. Shealy
R. A. Yoder	A. S. Deal
B. T. Sustare	G. H. Huffman
R. C. Lake	H. M. Williams
J. J. Stuck	J. D. Hallman
A. M. Huffman	G. L. Stroup
C. M. Adams	H. D. Wessinger
B. T. Hale	J. A. Abernethy
J. L. Morgan	C. O. Lippard
C. A. Kipps	J. W. Mosteller





CHRESTONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO THE

CHRESTONIAN BOYS

FRIENDSHIP

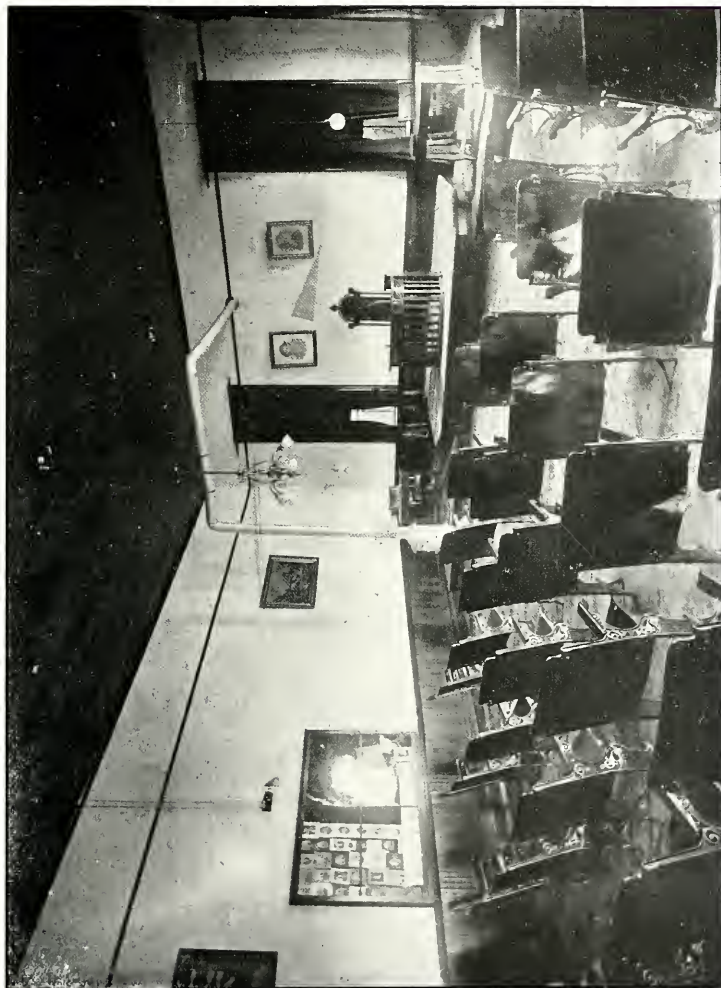
True Friendship is a Gordian knot
Which Angels' hands have tied;
By skill divine its texture wrought,—
Can Death its folds divide ?

In vain shall Time's all-trenchant sword
Essay its folds to sever;
The union of the twisted cord
In Heaven will last forever.

'Tis thus the ties of friendship bind
Affections cordial and pure;
While Hope still whispers, "such will find
A home on high which will endure."

—*Richard F. Little.*





CHRESTONIAN HALL

Euronian Literary Society

ROLL

L. E. Bolick
H. E. Bonds
L. B. Bornemann
B. L. Crowell
F. L. Conrad
H. K. Dry
B. D. Efrid
F. J. Eller
C. E. Fritz
J. W. Foust
H. L. Faggart
J. T. Horney
J. C. Ingold
R. S. Koonce

J. L. Sox
L. W. Shimpock
G. G. L. Sawyer
C. R. Stirewalt
Richard Shuford
A. S. Williams
E. J. Winecoff
N. D. Yount
C. N. Yount
O. B. Robinson
J. R. Poole
S. W. Glass
L. P. Hahn
G. E. Harward





EURONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



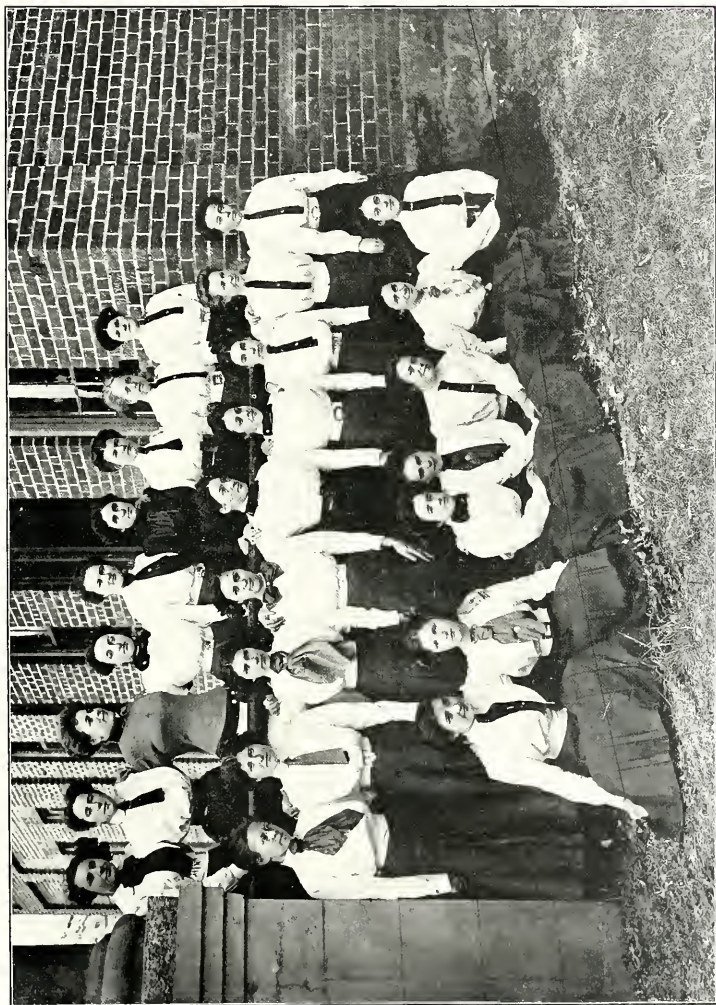
Eumenean Literary Society

OFFICERS

Fannie Glass *President*
Corrie Lowman *Vice-President*
Mertie Sease *Secretary*

ROLL

Lottie Cline	Ethyl Pringle
Mildred Derrick	Nell Rudisill
Louise Eargle	Lillie Sease
Blana Fulmer	Edith Shell
Edna Hamman	Mary Stroup
Margaret Hendrix	Edna Stuck
Leila Hagood	Maude Townson
Mary Mauney	Ethel Tussing
Maude Miller	Floy Wessinger
Eula Morgan	Stella Wessinger
Lillian Miller	Rosa Wertz
Ida Bell Nease	Lucy Yoder



EUMENEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



Philaethean Literary Society

OFFICERS—FINAL TERM

Ethel Plonk	<i>President.</i>
Maie Rhodes	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Flossie Gilbert	<i>Secretary</i>
Rena Huitt	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Lillian Plonk	<i>Censor.</i>
Maude Tickle	<i>Chaplain.</i>

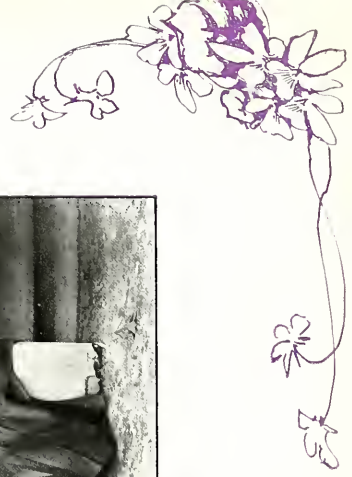
MEMBERS

Annie Barber	Naomi Cline
Fstelle Morgan	Lillian Plonk
Rena Huitt	Pterl Lackey
Flossie Gilbert	Nora Coulter
Ethel Plonk	Mamie Lee Miller
Jettie Plonk	Maie Simpson
Celeste Lippard	Maie Rhodes
Miriam Deaton	Ina Glass
Barbara Rudisill	Annie Powlas
Maude Tickle	Ora Cobb
Lillian Harrill	Ola Lineberger





PHILAE THEAN LITERARY SOCIETY





LENOIRIAN STAFF

The Lenoirian

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F. G. MORGAN, 1909	Alumni

This poem and the following prose have been designated as prize contributions to the Lenoirian, 1910-1911 :

Blue

Ethereal Blue, thy lucid dye
Illuminates a woman's eye,
When all thy azure beauties shine
As in the eye of Caroline.

How gloriously the orbs of night
Display to man their splendid light.
Just so, within an iris blue
Man contemplates a spirit true.

How often within that azure ball,
The soul of man is held in thrall.
How happy she by whom 'tis held,
'Till Time has youthful ardor quell'd.

—R. F. L., '13.

Used through courtesy of Munsey Magazine.

International Peace

Peace—What is the issue?

It is this: Can it be deemed practicable to eradicate the possibilities for war at the present? Be careful not to get the two questions mixed—*Is International Peace Worth While*, and *Is International Peace Possible To-day?* No one would dare question the former; but, as for the latter, it will bear study; and that is the subject of our thought. It is well to weigh scrupulously the object in view; to sift through the most delicate wires of a mental sieve every portion of its existing form; to study carefully the contending relation of country to country; and then to ask yourself, Is International Peace possible for the present age?

The nucleus of ambition has been styled by some as war, and war as ambition. Alexander may be taken as almost a type of ambition in its usual form, though carried to an extreme. His desire was to conquer, not to inherit or to rule. When news was brought that his father Philip had taken some town, or won some battle, instead of appearing delighted with it, he used to say to his companions, "My father will go on conquering till there be nothing extraordinary left for you and me to do." He is said even to have been mortified at the number of stars, considering that he had not been able to conquer one world. Similar to this is the case of Napoleon. The fact that the wars of the Consulate only threw oil on the fire which was to light up that great store of dormant ambition, and which led the successful Emperor to imprudence and faults in his rule of the Empire, is but to say that he was possessed of human qualities.

The remarks of Philosophers on the vanity of ambition refer generally to that form of which Alexander and Napoleon may be taken as types—the idea of self-exaltation, not only without any reference to the happiness of others, but even regardless of their sufferings. Today these wars for ambition are gone. No more shall we hear of such ravages as those of an Alexander's troops, no more shall we read of a Cæsar's exploits, no more shall

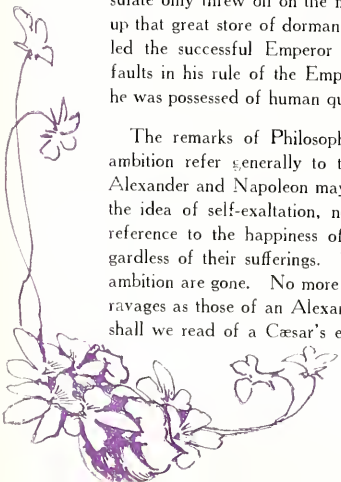
we hear the echo of a Napoleon's cannons throughout Europe.

Wars may be divided into three classes—dynastic, religious, and commercial. The dynastic and religious wars belong to the past; but the problem for the world today is the commercial war.

We are looking at International Peace, but we are not handling it. We are standing awe-stricken and gazing in wonder at its brilliance and magnificence, as it spreads across our illusions like a meteor on an inky sky; we are influenced by the glorious forward movement it will give to civilization; it wraps us in the throes of its snow-white, peaceful wings; and it lulls us into a mesmerized concord to its purpose by the harmonious appeal from its many supporters.

They will try to prove it to you by logic, by endless chapters of Christianity, but these things only help to propagate its unreality. At length nations will read the riddle: *Peace is not possible for the present ages*; they will understand its meaning, and not take an allegory for a fact. This, as it has been said, is a mad world, and the inmates of this vast asylum are intent on nothing save revenge, lust, and superiority,—the latter in all lines and at the cost of anything. It is contrary to the laws of Nature for a mad world to seek Peace.

One of the greatest likenesses to which I can compare it, is the glittering sword of Napoleon in the beautiful museum of Versailles. The great sword with its hilt studded with diamonds of dazzling brilliance and valued at the sum of four million dollars, is confined in a case directly in front of the main entrance. This is the first thing that attracts the eye of the visitor, and it is only natural to the human instincts of man, that he finds himself gradually edging towards the great treasury which seemingly appears to be unprotected from the visitor's hands. Some are prompted by ill intention, while others have a mere curiosity to handle the relic. It is a known fact, told by those who have taken the pains to watch, that upon reaching the



case, the visitor thrusts out his hand to seize the sword, only to find himself checked by a glass of wonderful thickness and so finely transparent that it could not be discerned from the atmospheric medium.

Just so is the possibility of International Peace today. We are looking at the real object through a wonderfully transparent medium, which we shall find to be unsurpassable. We must be careful what we grasp for, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasury.

In fact that great meteoric resemblance, which is the distinguishing lineament of International Peace today, is plainly visible; but the inner sphere, whereof that other is either a deceitful emblem, or else is a fearful indescribability, is not at all visible. Nor will it be to this generation or several generations to follow. From which I infer that the inner sphere of Fact, in this case of peace, differs infinitely from the outer sphere or sphere of semblance. The outer sphere, or sphere of semblance we have dealt with indefinitely; but the inner embodiment of the spirit, wherein lie the realities of everything, have been utterly disregarded.

I contend that International Peace is not possible with such a large portion of the world uncivilized. The sublimer qualities of man, which come only with the higher instincts of civilization and education, are the only properties which seek tranquillity. The influence of peace brings us nearer to that great Infinity which I maintain that man is approaching as he progresses in his grand arts and sciences; but what does the brute care about Infinity; or what does he know about the Infinity? The uncivilized man is little more than a brute. His existence in this world is barely known. The sole object of his life is revenge and superiority over his fellow animals in physical strength. There is no possible mode of reasoning with him. If we ever do attain International Peace there will always be differences arising between nations which will have to be settled by reasoning,—in truth, International Peace is nothing less than laying away the physical qualities for the mental attributes. Since this is the case, how are you going to maintain peace with the man who does not reason? You control the brute by force, and until you educate and civilize man, *you will be compelled to control him as you control the brute.*

What holds the open door for American good in China today? It is our powerful American

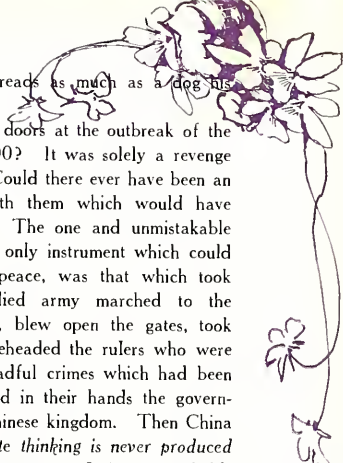
navy, which China dreads as much as a dog his master's whip.

What closed those doors at the outbreak of the Boxer trouble of 1900? It was solely a revenge against civilization. Could there ever have been an agreement formed with them which would have averted the trouble? The one and unmistakable answer is, *No*. The only instrument which could have brought about peace, was that which took place; namely, an allied army marched to the capital of the nation, blew open the gates, took control of the city, beheaded the rulers who were implicated in the dreadful crimes which had been taking place, and held in their hands the governmental reins of the Chinese kingdom. Then China began to think. *Brute thinking is never produced until brute force is overcome.* It is a remarkable fact but an accurate one, that China up till today has never been known to keep a treaty,* except the one formed by the united nations in 1900, and she never would have kept that one unless she had been afraid of their dreadful power. How then can you, in sight of a nation like this, disband your armies and navies, and try to reason with a people to whom reasoning is like singing hymns over a dead tree. We must at all times be ready to use force, or we shall be compelled to return to the primitive ages and allow our country to be overrun by savages as it was when the Indians had sway of force.

China is not alone in this class of nations; but many of those countries which we think are highly civilized and christianized have deeply buried within their veins that brutish ambition for physical superiority. There can be no better example of this, than the German nation of today. Germany has always looked upon England with a kind of contempt because she is at the head of the nations in strength. Germany would like to have that rank, and she would not restrain herself from sacrificing anything in order to get it. Woe be to civilization, if she should obtain this place! Her dominant spirit would be unmerciful. A German's word is no more reliable than the infidel's faith. Germany would have broken the Monroe Doctrine fifty times if she thought she could have overpowered America. She is a black horse, worthy to be watched, and belongs to that class of nations with whom force must be used to coerce them.

The latest idea for obtaining International

* Elliot—"International Alliances."



Peace, is for every nation to disband its army except that part which is necessary to keep peace at home; and to disarm all of its battleships except those which are necessary to help make up a world police. This world police is to be composed of several vessels from each country and to be supported by the respective nations in time of peace. The vessels will be held at the disposal of the peace tribunal at the Hague and at necessary times to be used in order to maintain peace.

The power which breaks the provisions of the peace agreement will be coerced to submission by the force of all nations, whose power will be vested in that *Fake—the Hague*. Remember, the Hague is made up of representatives from all countries. That audacious spirit which represents the German's greed will be there; the ever-devouring Russian will be represented; the Chinese, who fall upon their prey with a cute sneakiness, cannot be shut out; and, too, the powerful Japanese will have a vote,—all these uncivilized, unchristianized, and uneducated nations, over whom the guardian angel of barbarism still hovers, and in which not one is there too good, if it could get the chance, to rule the world at the point of a sword; yes, these will be there. Be careful, peace admirers of today, lest that spirit, which represents these nations, gets control of the Hague. If it does, your tribunal will be a mere instrument, shielded under the curtain of peace, for the voracious aggrandisement and the blood thirsty ambition of such powers.

Nations, like individuals, are human, and not the most perfect judicial system ever invented could put an end to strife and violence. When honor and vital interests are at stake, regardless of consequences, neither the former nor the latter will recognize authority, but personal judgment and personal feeling.

Doubt has eaten out the heart of peace possibilities for today; man—who was once enchanted, and once staggered spell-bound, reeling on the brink of a wonderful scandal—has awakened to his consciousness; and the human mind is seen clinging

spasmodically to an ark of the covenant, which it feels now to be a phantasm—a phantasm indeed. It is one of the highest properties of the modern human being, that he grasps for the realities of life; that he stands upon *things* and not the *show of things*. International Peace for today is lacking in reality, if the realities are there they have never been revealed—but in truth, they are not there. In all ages man has been behoved to quit theory and return to fact, a thing which he is doing in this particular case. At the present we must keep down on the plane of the earth, and continue the work of the first conference in alleviating the horrors of war and narrowing the chances of conflict by opening wider the doors of arbitration, but here it must rest for awhile.

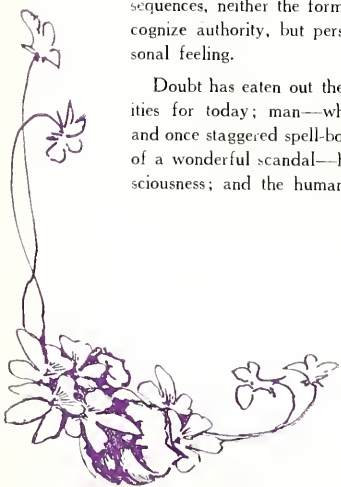
There is one sure way to obtain peace; that is, educate and civilize the human being. Therein lies the road to International Peace. Without that essential thing, it will always be like a star floating far above this mundane sphere—to be always striven for, but never attained.

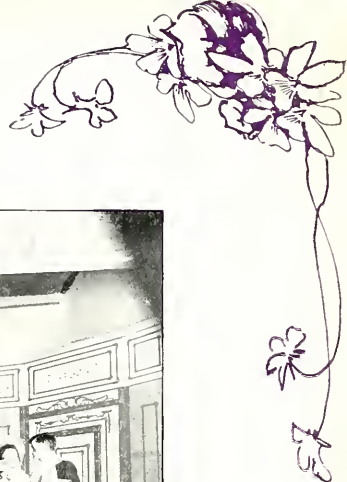
Finally, "with the din of triumphant Law-logic, we shall do well to ask ourselves withal, What says that high and highest court to the verdict? For it is the court of courts; where the universal soul of Fact and very Truth sits President,—and thitherward more and more swiftly, with a really terrible increase of swiftness, all causes do at the present send forth a universal verdict" of non-confirmation and non-possibility for the realization of International Peace today.

Even though the idea of peace be a theory for this decade, let us work for that glorious and wonderful end which at length will bring it about, and which will make it a possibility for the future ages of whose generations may then enjoy

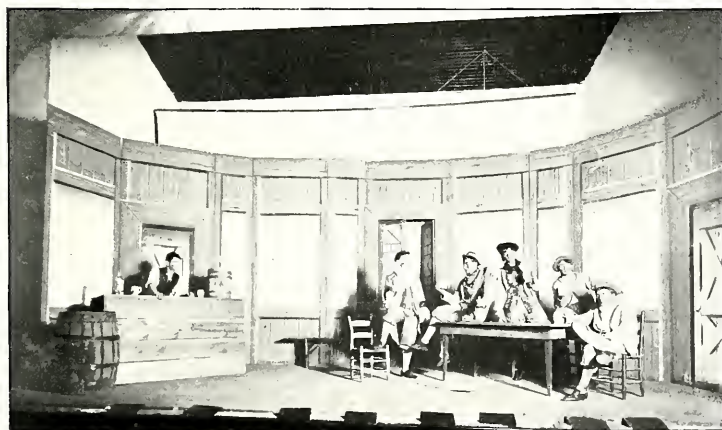
"Peace on the crowded marts,
Peace on imperial thrones,
Peace—God of Peace in all their hearts,
And Peace in all their homes."

RICHARD F. LITTLE.





SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER



She Stoops to Conquer

GIVEN BY THE
CHRESTONIAN AND EUMENEAN
LITERARY SOCIETIES
IN
THE LENOIR COLLEGE AUDITORIUM
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12, 1910.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sir Charles Marlow—English Gentleman—
Mr. A. M. Huffman

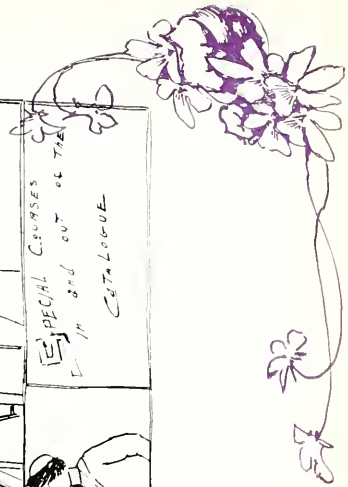
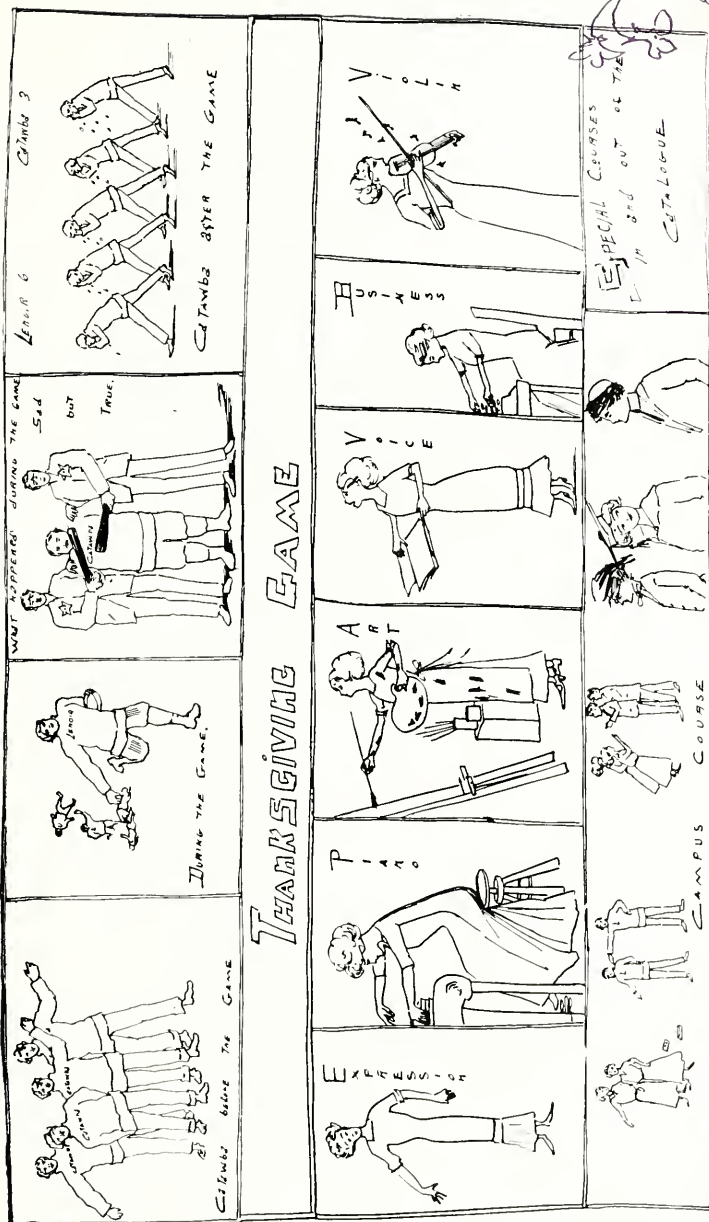
Young Marlow—Suitor for Miss Hardcastle—
Mr. R. L. Coonse

Mr. Hardcastle—"A Little Behind the Times"—
Mr. J. L. Morgan

Mr. Hastings—Miss Neville's Lover—
Mr. R. A. Yoder

Tony Lumpkin—Mischievous Young Man—
Mr. J. A. Abernethy

Diggory	}	<i>Servants of Hardcastle</i>	}	Mr. H. S. Rhyne
Roger				Mr. C. M. Adams
Dick				Mr. R. C. Lake
Thomas				Mr. M. M. Kipps
Slang	}	<i>Frequenters of Inn</i>	}	Mr. H. S. Rhyne
Muggins				Mr. R. C. Lake
Twist				Mr. A. M. Huffman
Animadab				
Stingo—Lanlord of "Three Pigeons".....				<i>Mr. M. M. Kipps</i>
Jeremy—Marlow's Servant.....				<i>Mr. R. C. Lake</i>
Mrs. Hardcastle, Hardcastle's wife.....				<i>Miss Maude Townson</i>
Miss Hardcastle, Their Daughter.....				<i>Miss Margaret Hendrix</i>
Miss Neville—Cousin to Tony.....				<i>Miss Ida Bell Neas</i>
Dolly—Miss Hardcastle's Maid.....				<i>Miss Eula Morgan</i>



Young Men's Glee Club

OFFICERS

C. E. Fritz	<i>President.</i>
L. L. Lohr	<i>Vice-President.</i>
L. G. Rhyne	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>

MEMBERS

R. A. Swaringen	C. O. Lippard
J. D. Rudisill	C. N. Yount
J. L. Sox	B. L. Crowell
J. L. Morgan	J. C. Ingold
C. R. Stirewalt	L. E. Bolick
J. W. Foust	F. L. Conrad
J. E. Shealey	H. K. Dry
R. L. Coons	E. J. Winecoff
L. B. Bornemann	H. E. Bonds
G. E. Rocket	J. C. Carson
J. W. Shimpock	W. R. Cline
A. M. Huffman	J. R. Rhinehardt
G. H. Huffman	B. V. Reitzel
N. D. Yount	S. C. Mauney
G. E. Harward	W. D. Myers
B. T. Hale	A. S. Williams
M. M. Kipps	R. A. Yoder, Jr.
C. A. Kipps	T. S. Tickle
J. D. Hallman	J. W. Mosteller

J. R. Pool





YOUNG MEN'S GLEE CLUB



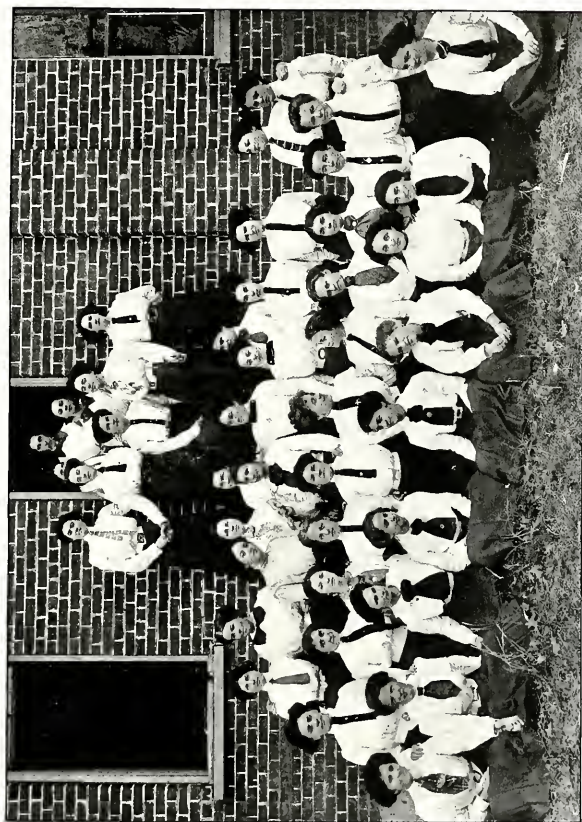
Young Ladies' Glee Club

OFFICERS

Lillian Harrill	<i>President.</i>
Fannie Glass	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Lillie Sease	<i>Secretary-Treasurer.</i>

ROLL

Annie Barber	Mary Mauney
Lottie Cline	Maude Miller
Naomi Cline	Elsie Miller
Ora Cobb	Lillian Miller
Mildred Derrick	Eula Morgan
Miriam Deaton	Ida Bell Neas
Louise Eargle	Maie Rhodes
Blana Fulmer	Bobbie Rudisill
Flossie Gilbert	Troupe Stamey
Fannie Glass	Fdith Shell
Ina Glass	Lillie Sease
Lillian Harrill	Mertie Sease
Leila Hagood	Maie Simpson
Edna Hamman	Edna Stuck
Grace Hoke	Maude Tickle
Bertie Huitt	Ethel Tussing
Rena Huitt	I essie Wagner
Pearl Lackey	Floy Wessinger
Celeste Lippard	Stella Wessinger
Ola Lineberger	Clara Yoder
Corrie Lowman	Lucy Yoder



GLEE CLUB





ATHLETICS





MANAGER SPEAGLE



CAPTAIN HORNEY



COACH WILLIAMS

Foot Ball Team

OFFICERS

Coach
D. M. Williams

Captain
J. T. Horney

Manager
F. M. Speagle

LINE-UP

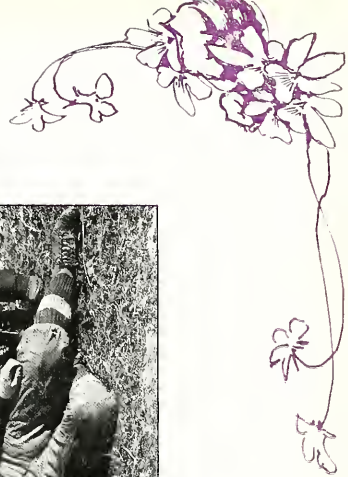
Center—C. L. Rhyne
Right Guard—B. T. Sustare
Right Tackle—R. L. Coons
Right End—J. T. Horney
Right Halfback—F. M. Speagle
Fullback—L. L. Lohr
Left Guard—B. Green
Left Tackle—H. N. Troutman
Left End—J. L. Henderson
Left Halfback—Gus Lowe
Quarter Back—R. A. Yoder, Jr.

SUBS

J. A. Abernethy, J. Green, L. W. Shimpock, B. V. Reitzel,
C. W. Teal, W. D. Myers.



FOOT BALL TEAM



Baseball Lineup

OFFICERS:

J. T. Horney, *Captain*
B. D. Efird, *Manager*
B. T. Sustare, *Assistant Manager*
G. R. Miller, *Coach*

PLAYERS

J. T. Horney, 1st base
C. Bost, 2nd base
G. Lowe, s. s.
J. J. Stuck, 3rd base
B. Clanton, right field
L. J. Sox, center field
J. R. Poole, left field
C. C. Miller, pitcher
I. Trexler, pitcher
A. Miller, catcher
Greene, Lohr, Cline
Coons, Adams

Parker and Stirewalt, substitutes



BASEBALL TEAM



Ladies' Athletic Club

OFFICERS

Mary Mauney	<i>President.</i>
Lillian Harrill	<i>Secretary.</i>
Ethel Plonk	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Eula Morgan	<i>Manager.</i>

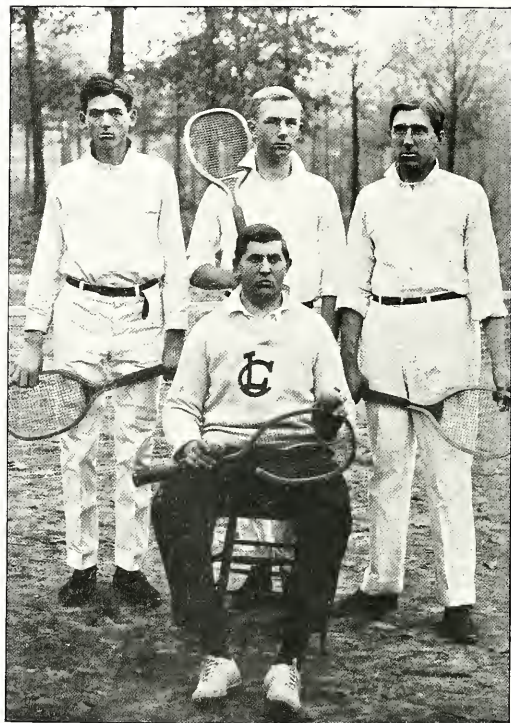
ROLL

Mary Mauney	Annie Barber
Eula Morgan	Ola Lineberger
Ethel Plonk	Rosa Wertz
Miriam Deaton	Dick Hendrix
Lillian Harrill	Corrie Lowman
Maud Miller	Fannie Glass
Louise Eargle	Jettie Plonk
Maie Simpson	Ida Bell Neas
Naomi Cline	Lillian Miller
Maud Tickle	Lillie Sease
Lessie Wagner	Floy Wessinger





LADIES' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



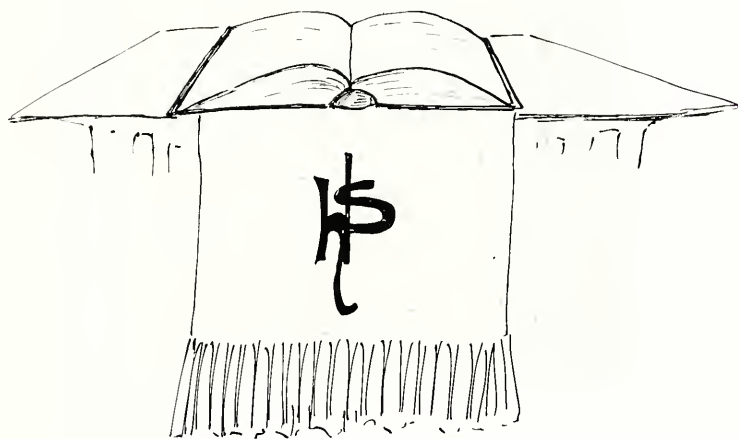
TENNIS CLUB

L. G. RHYNE, *Manager.*
B. D. EFIRD

E. Z. PENCE

F. J. ELLER

Bible Societies



Men's Bible Study Society

OFFICERS

L. L. Huffman	<i>President.</i>
M. M. Kipps	<i>Vice-President.</i>
J. L. Morgan	<i>Secretary.</i>
F. M. Speagle	<i>Treasurer.</i>

ROLL

J. T. Horney	C. A. Kipps
F. M. Speagle	Arthur Williams
M. M. Kipps	E. S. Crout
L. L. Huffman	J. W. Foust
O. B. Robinson	Luke Hahn
L. G. Rhyne	F. L. Conrad
J. L. Morgan	J. D. Rudisill
R. A. Yoder	L. B. Bornemann
J. E. Shealy	J. L. Sox
C. N. Yount	H. M. Williams
N. D. Yount	B. D. Ebird
C. O. Lippard	F. J. Eller
C. E. Fritz	H. L. Troutman
W. D. Myers	E. Z. Pence
B. L. Crowell	L. L. Lohr
L. W. Shimpock	R. L. Coonse
J. J. Stuck	C. M. Adams
C. R. Stirewalt	L. E. Bolick
B. T. Hale	J. D. Hallman
R. C. Lake	H. S. Rhyne
R. P. Little	

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miriam Deaton

Annie Barber

Maie Sirpson





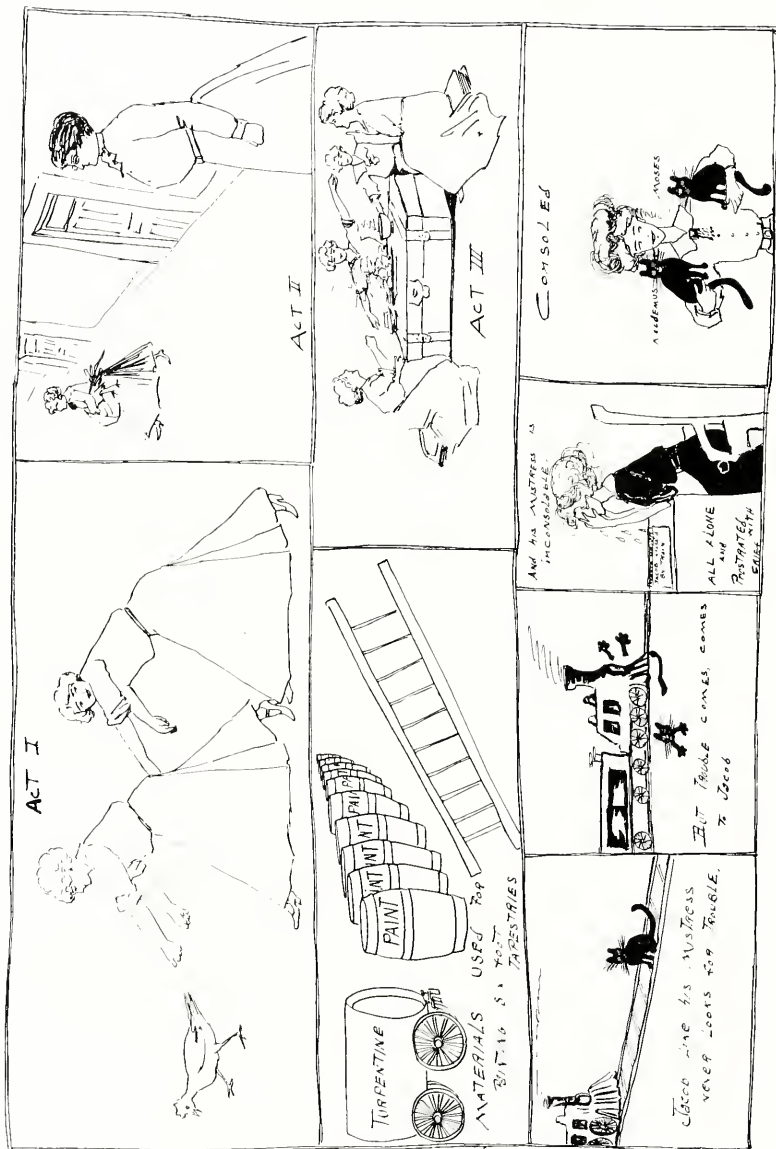
Oakview Missionary Guild

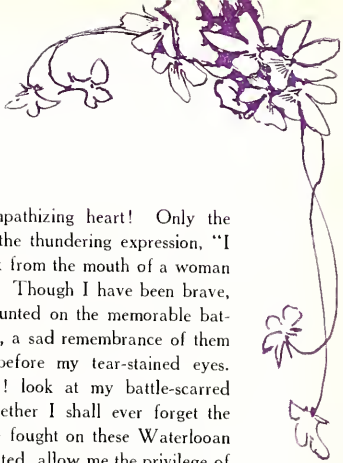
OFFICERS

Ida Bell Neas.....	<i>President.</i>
Eula Morgan	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Corrie Lowman	<i>Secretary.</i>

ROLL

Miss E. B. Shirley	Maud Tickle
Louise Eargle	Edna Hamman
Maie Simpson	Mamie Lee Miller
Corrie Lowman	Pearl Lackey
Eula Morgan	Ida Bell Neas
Lillie Sease	Carrie Hausenfluck
Naomi Cline	Edna Stuck
Blana Fulmer	Leila Hagood
Mary Mauney	Ola Lineberger
Stella Wessinger	Celeste Lippard
Mildred Derrick	Lessie Wagner
Ethel Tussing	Nellie Rudisill
Margaret Hendrix	Barbara Rudisill
Lillian Harrill	Mertie Sease
Miriam Deaton	Nora Coulter





"To The Ladies"

MR. Toastmaster: I think you must have known me and my sentiments pretty well when you assigned to me the duty of responding to "The Ladies." I confess that it is a subject to which I have given much thought and for which I have expressed unfeigned admiration. Really it touches a tender chord in my bosom, and I suppose that I am peculiarly sensitive about it, because my mother was a lady.

Ladies exert an influence over man for good or evil. They can lead man into the dark or light roads of life. It was this subtle influence that in the garden led man from light into darkness, and the same influence can lead a man to spend in the presence of a woman the happiest hours of his life. Probably ladies' intentions are all good; therefore we must overlook their little faults, because, not they, but their swift incessant tongues are the offenders. These restless members are wonderful instruments, sharper than tempered steel, more enduring than sculptured bronze, and more persistent than hungry mosquitos on a hot summer evening. Milton knew the vocation of the tongue; for, when asked why he did not educate his daughters in the different languages, he replied: "One tongue in a woman is as much as I can bear."

My fellow countrymen, the word lady has a peculiar effect upon me. To my ears there is no other word so musical, so full of meaning as that word, "My lady." The inexpressible thought that lingers around that word has pointed many a man to his rising star. Oh! what an immeasurable influence it exerts upon the disheartened under all circumstances. With their captivating smiles, and penetrating eyes they have so tantalized me that my only ambition is to hear that word lady—or to get one if I can. But what a herculean task! What words of inexpressible grief and disappointment

have pierced my sympathizing heart! Only the few who have heard the thundering expression, "I am sorry," point blank from the mouth of a woman can ever comprehend. Though I have been brave, courageous, and undaunted on the memorable battle fields of old L. C., a sad remembrance of them shall ever loom up before my tear-stained eyes. Comrades! Comrades! look at my battle-scarred neck, and tell me whether I shall ever forget the heroic battles we have fought on these Waterlooan plains. Though defeated, allow me the privilege of thanking the ladies who have made me a time-honored, battle-scarred, veteran of sportland. I hope to receive my pension when the ladies discontinue attacking me with smiles and notes expressing sorrowfulness.

But now, well-disciplined in sporting tactics, I fix my eyes, my ambition, my affections, my whole life on her who has so long pined for my presence. My sweetheart? I cannot tell you how many I have had or from whence they came, or how they looked, but they all had that tantalizing influence upon me which has cheered many a weary pilgrim on his journey. It has been said that the ladies are all angels before marriage, and I sincerely trust they will ever remain so. They are always glad to see us; they yearn for our presence; they believe every word we utter, for we always speak the truth. We can never mistreat them, never disappoint them, never forsake them, and to the little maiden whose eyes sparkle like the dew drops from heaven, I respond tonight.

My wife? Don't laugh. It is true that I have none now, but in the future when I join hands with her at the altar, and proudly call her mine, though I don't even know her name or the number of her shoes, I shall marry her because I love her. I sup to her good health wherever she may be tonight.

"PARSON."

“Rowan County Club”

MOTTO:

Stay broke to keep from spending money.

Colors:

DARK GREEN AND WHITE

Emblem:

WHITE CARNATION

YELL

“Rip bang! hip ho! get there, rain or snow!
Set fire Rowan!”

OFFICERS

F. J. Eller	<i>President.</i>
Lillian Miller	<i>Vice-President</i>
Annie Barber	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>

ROLL

F. J. Eller	H. S. Faggart
W. S. Cauble	C. R. Stirewalt
Estelle Morgan	Lillian Miller
W. D. Myers	J. C. Carson
J. L. Morgan	Annie Barber
Mollie Holshouser	A. S. Deal



ROWAN CLUB

The Sandlappers

MOTTO:

Dum spiro spero

Emblem:

PALMETTO

Colors:

NAVY BLUE AND WHITE

YELL

Ripper-rapper, ripper-rapper! Sandlapper, Sandlapper!
Ripper-rapper, ripper-rapper! Sandlapper, Sandlapper!
Who are we? What are we? S. C. at L. C.! Rah!

OFFICERS

R. C. Lake.....	<i>Big Sand Fiddler</i>
Lillie Sease.....	<i>Little Sand Fiddler</i>
Miriam Deaton.....	<i>Sand Scratcher</i>
Loy Sox.....	<i>Sand Banker</i>

ROLL

(Sandlappers "In Facultate")

Miss Lillie Belle Hallman—*Music*.

Dr. K. A. Price—*Physiology and Hygiene*.

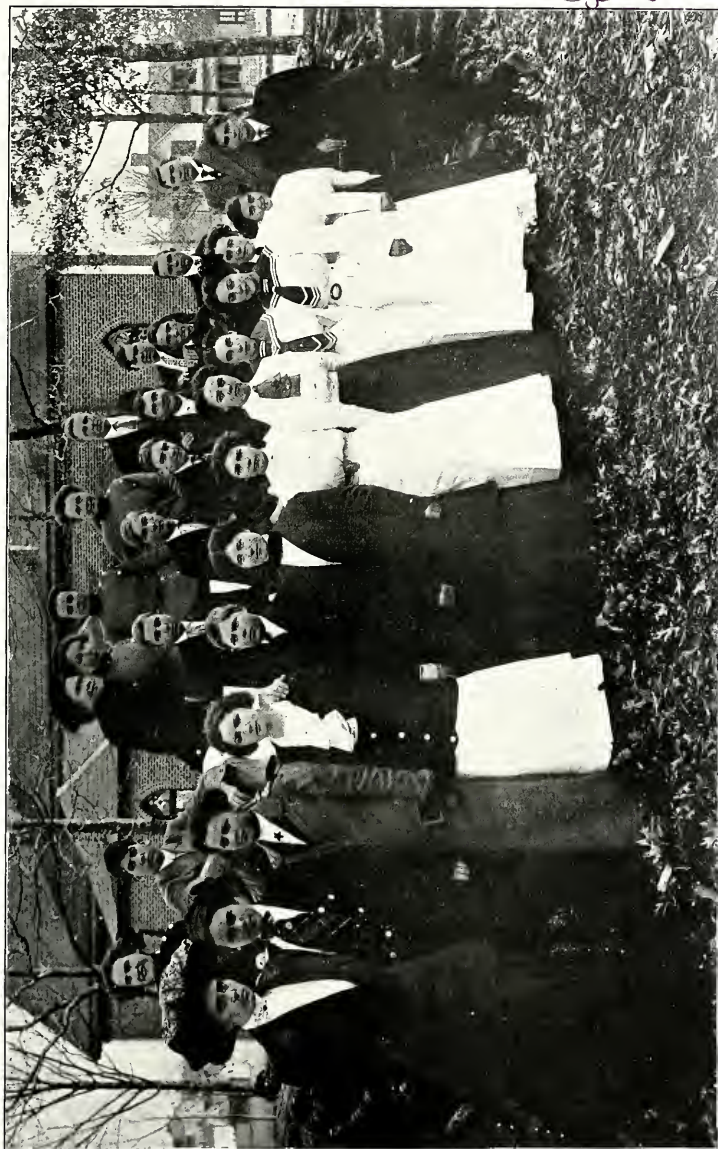
(Sandlappers "In Collegio")

Eula Morgan	Estelle Morgan
Corrie Lowman	Rosa Wertz
Mertie Sease	R. C. Lake
Lillie Sease	Loy Sox
Mildred Derrick	J. D. Hallman
Stella Wessinger	A. S. Williams
Floy Wessinger	H. M. Williams
Blana Fulmer	J. J. Stuck
Lila Duke	V. E. Stuck
Leila Hagood	E. S. Crout
Louise Eargle	Harry Wessinger
Naomi Cline	J. R. Poole
Miriam Deaton	G. C. L. Sawyer

(Adopted Sandlapper)

Margaret Hendrix





"SANDLAPPER CLUE"



"Old Dominion" Club

MEMBERS	OFFICERS	MEMBERS.
L. E. Bolick	M. M. Kipps, <i>President.</i>	Ethel Tussing
Lela Colson	Edna Hamman, <i>V.-P.</i>	C. C. Peery
B. T. Hale	E. Z. Pence, <i>Sec</i>	E. Z. Pence
Edna Hamman		C. W. Moore
L. L. Huffman		M. M. Kipps
Carrie Housefluck		C. A. Kipps
	Miss Frances Rothermel De Wald	
	Rev. Prof. M. L. Stirewalt, A.M.	
	Prof. H. G. Whitmore, M. A.	
	Prof. W. J. Stirewalt, A.B.	

MOTTO:
Libertas et Aequalitas.

Colors: LIGHT BLUE AND OLD GOLD *Emblem:* LILY OF THE VALLEY

SONG
"Mid the Green Fields of Old Virginia"

Drink: MINT JULEP *Merry Mixer of the Mints:* L. L. HUFFMAN

YELL

Who are we?
Who are we?
O. D. C.
At L. C.





"OLD DOMINION" CLUB

My "Pony"

When examinations came—it's true,
I was feeling just about as blue
As a June-bug on a "tater" vine
With a turkey coming down the line.
Oh, I wasn't feeling very tony
But then came the thought, O my "Pony."

It is You, who, throughout all the year,
Have helped many times my mind to clear.
You have cheered me on my weary way
And made my life bright, joyous and gay.
For Latin and Greek seemed a delight
With my "Pony" by me every night.

But in coming years of toil and strife
When I think of all my wasted life,
And talk to my friends of bygone day
Then, oh my "Pony" what shall I say?
For while you seemingly eased my pain
You have made my school days all in vain.

S.



SONS OF REST



A Wedding at Oakview Hall

A WEDDING of much interest took place in the beautifully decorated west parlor of Oakview Hall, January 21 1911. The contracting parties were, the bride, Miss Marjorie Gould (Miss Maie Simpson),; the groom, Lord Frederick Blunderbus (Miss Lillian Plonk). Just before the entrance of the bridal party, Mme. Calve (Miss Corrie Lowman) sang with pathos "I ain't whining but I'm just pining for you."

At the conclusion of this song the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march was rendered by Teresa Carreno (Miss Marie Rhodes) and then the agony was on. First came the officiating brother, Bishop Haid (Mrs. C. L. Miller). Then came through opposite doors, meeting in center of room, forming a semi-circle, the bridesmaids and grooms-men, viz: Miss Thelma Vanderbilt (Miss Nell Rudicill) and Sir Charles Birmingham (Miss Rosa Wertz), Miss Evelyn Astor (Miss Louise Eargle) and Mr. Benjamin Garfield (Miss Ethel Plonk), Miss Antoinette Wickerfield (Miss Lela Colson) and Mr. Randolph Rockefeller (Miss Lillian Harrill). Then came the flower girls, little Misses Kathrynne Carnegie (Miss Naomi Cline) and Winifred Rothschild (Miss Estelle Morgan), followed by the ring bearer little Miss Emily Elise Weimar (Miss Margaret Hendrix) carrying a package of chewing gum on a silver tray. Now came the bride on the arm of her maid of honor, Miss Edith Gould (Miss Miriam Deaton. From the opposite door came the groom holding nervously to his best man, Sir Francis Barrymore (Miss Annie Barber). Then came the ceremony—Lord Frederick, I should think in your reduced financial circumstances that you would be glad of this chance and will you promise Marjorie Gould, who, no doubt, has paid an exorbitant

price for your title, will you promise to indulge her in all her foolish whims, see that she is petted and pampered, get up early and make the fires while she is snug asleep in her warm nest—and when the air is rent with her scolding, will you stand quietly and take it like a man? Will you give up all your clubs so that you can give your entire time to her? If she asks for a trip to the moon take her. Obey her in all things. Will you do this????

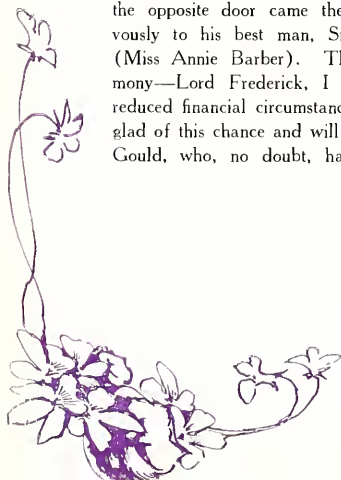
Marjorie Gould will you take Lord Frederick with all his faults and love him to distraction, wait upon him, pay all his debts and see that he looks upon no other woman— Teach him to cook and save servant hire—When all others forsake him you do so also and when he is about to take his yearly bath, will you get out his clean clothing— see that his socks are darned and his pantaloons mended—Will you do this????

I trust you are both very grateful to me for this honor I have bestowed upon you by making you two one—you are now married so help me and you too.

The bride was never more charming than in her wedding gown of brocaded satin, en train, trimmed in real lace and pearls. The veil was caught up with a handsome diamond sunburst, present of the groom.

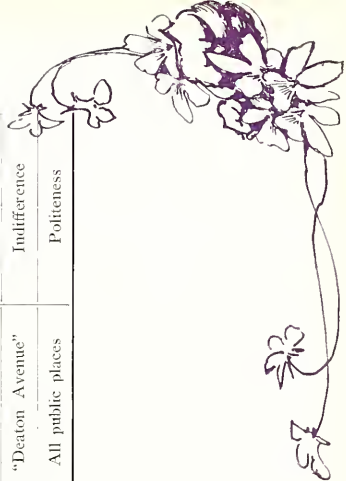
The groom was handsomely attired in a Prince Albert.

Immediately following the ceremony a reception was tendered a large concourse of friends. Delightful dinner served in four courses, viz: Apples, bananas, peanuts and candy. After the reception the bride and groom left for parts unknown on the top floor.



Highland Statistics

NAME	HIGHEST AMBITION	NICKNAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	LOAFING PLACE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC
L. G. Rhyne	To win Lizzie	"Jolly Joe"	Laughing	Around Oakview	Babyishness
L. L. Huffman	To be loved	"Parson"	Bragging	Everywhere	Big head
M. M. Kipps.....	To be a saint	"Michael Moses"	Advising	Around the Church	Saintliness
L. B. Bornemann.....	To be a professional ball player	"Bonny"	Smiling at Enla	Harris' store	Independence
B. D. Elird.....	To be a perfect flirt	"Bird"	Making eyes	Mail-box	Frivolity
R. F. Little.....	To be a noted poet	"Dick"	Dreaming	Track field	Sunny disposition
Paul Green.....	To woo "Shetty"	"Longy"	Playing Ball	Ball ground	Shyness
J. T. Horney.....	To be popular	"Jule"	Flirting	Claremont	Self-conceit
J. D. Rudisill.....	To talk to Louise	"Dave"	Spooning	Side War-Path	Loving Her
J. L. Sox.....	To look cute	"Sox"	Primping	Campus	Manliness
L. L. Lohr.....	To visit the preacher's	"Rats"	Feeling taffy	"Deaton Avenue"	Indifference
L. W. Shimpock.....	To go to Oakview	"Shim"	Smiling at the girls	All public places	Politeness





Oakview Statistics

NAME	HIGHEST AMBITION	NICKNAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	LOAFING PLACE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC
Lillian Miller	To get married	"Suff"	Loafing	Neas' room	Sincerity
Rosa Wertz	To be a first class sport	"Rosie"	Walking War-Path	Art room	Frivolity
Ethel Tussing	To be a missionary	"Tootsey-Wootsey"	To keep order	Her own room	Studiosness
Naomi Cline	To be popular	"Kippie"	Same as "Rosie"	War Path	Sincerity
Corrie Lowman	To sail the Atlantic	"Pete"	Talking	Just anywhere	Insincerity
Mary Mauney	To act cute	"Moonse"	Spooning with Floy	Floy's room	Studiosness
Jett Plonk	To win "Jimmy"	"Shettie"	Quarrelling	Art room	Shyness
Lillian Plonk	To surpass Barber	"Li"	Sporting Miriam	Anywhere M— is	Indifference
Eula Morgan	To "bring back my Bonnie to me"	"Morg"	Day-dreaming	Across the street	Loving
Maie Simpson	To be "Somebody's wife"	"Simp"	Primping	Art room	Bright Disposition
Ida Bell Neas	To have a <i>will</i> of her own	"Neas"	Reading love stories	Suff's room	Earnestness
Fannie Glass	To Teach	Cant afford one	Studying	Nowhere	Praise of self

College Jokes

"Parson:" (To O. B. R., who is just coming from Logic exam.) "What did you do for Fritz?"

O. B. R. "Confound! I eat him up. I handed in the best paper that I ever did in my life."

O. B. R. (A few days later to "Parson" who is bringing the Logic papers): "Let me see mine! I know I eat him alive! How much did I get on it?"

"Parson:" "Fifty-six."

O. B. R.: "Well, I'll be confound!"

Prof. Whitmore (to "Fatty"): What kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I am gone?

"Fatty" (coolly): Brimstone.

Parson told Prof. Fritz the other day that he knew a good way to catch rabbits, and when Prof. Fritz asked him how, he told him to crouch be-

hind a wall and make a noise like a turnip. Prof. Fritz said, "I know a better way; you get in a cabbage patch and look natural."

M. M. Kipps once asked Prof. "Bill" to lend him a quarter. Prof. "Bill" said: "Didn't you get a \$10.00 check yesterday?"

"Yes," said Kipps.

"Where's your money now?"

I went up town last night and met a friend, and we had supper at the Huffry. The bill was \$4.00. Then I bought \$1.00 worth of cigars. And we went to the theatre and that cost \$2.00. After the theatre we went down to the drug store and I spent \$2.00 there."

"That only makes \$9.00," said Prof. "Bill."

"What became of the other \$1.00?"

Kipps seemed puzzled, and finally said:

"Why I must have spent that foolishly."





Farewell

Farewell, dear comrades, one and all,
The time has come when we must part;
Although 'tis hard,—some tears may fall—
Let's strive to keep a cheerful heart.

The end is near, our ways divide,—
Perhaps to meet on earth no more.
Though we in distant lands abide,
We'll not forget dear old Lenoir.

M—11.

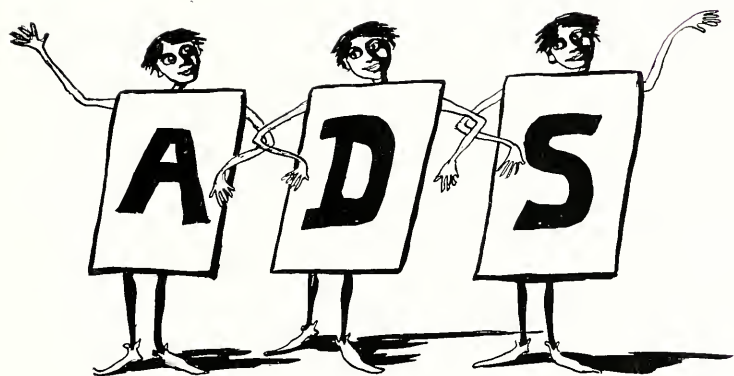


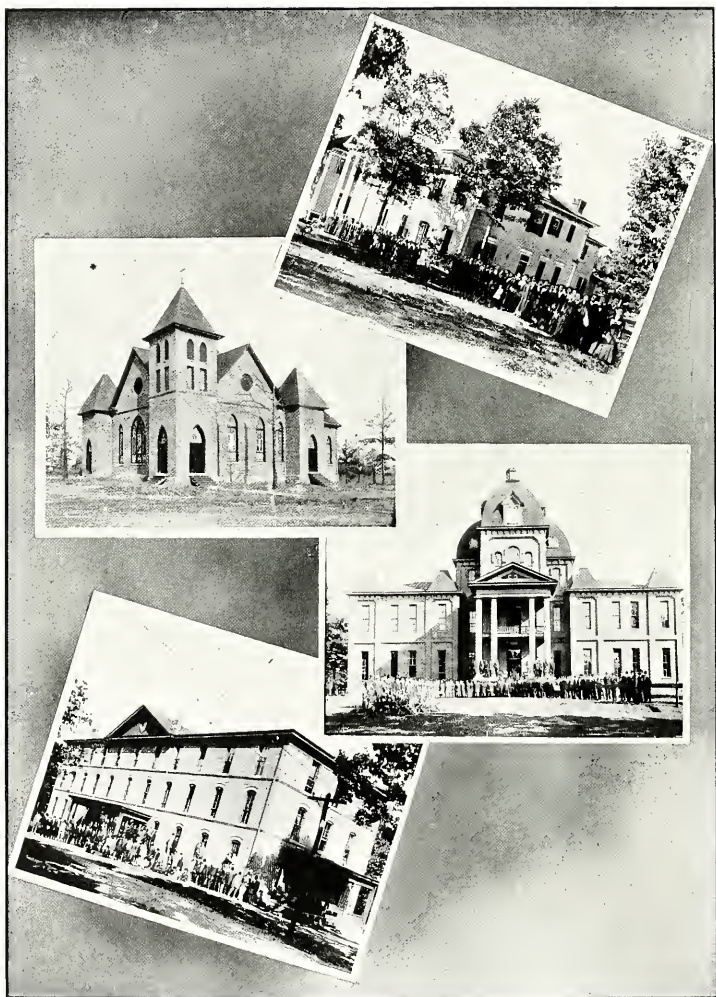


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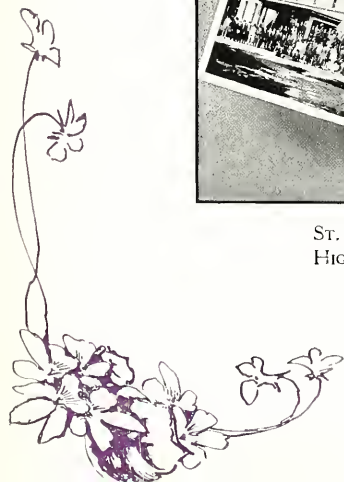






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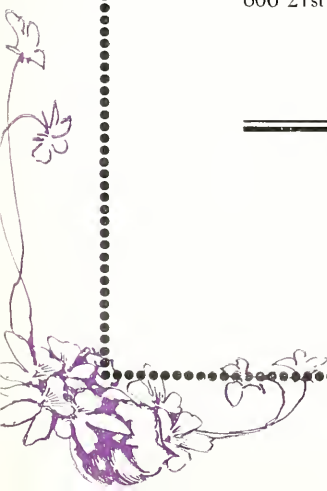
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